

CLOSE UP

Editor K. MACPHERSON

Assistant Editors : BRYHER ; OSWELL BLAKESTON

Published by POOL

LONDON OFFICE : 26 LITCHFIELD STREET, CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.2.

SWISS OFFICE : c/o F. CHEVALLEY, CASE POSTALE, CAROUGE S/ GENEVE.

Contents

	PAGE
A Night Prowl in La Mancha. Kenneth Macpherson	225
Boys Without Uniform. Karel Santar	231
Events of Czech Film. Svatopluk Jezek	237
The First Opera-film. Trude Weiss	242
Two Films and One Star. Robert Herring	246
Elizabeth Bergner Again. Trude Weiss	254
Plots in Our Time. Oswald Blakeston & Roger Burford	257
Paris News. Jean Lenauer	262
Dog Days in the Movie. H. A. Potamkin	268
Disappearing World. Karel Santar	273
The Film Costumier's Problems. Max Pretzfelder	275
The Experimental Film and its Limitations. John C. Moore	281
American Tendencies. Clifford Howard	285
Detective Work in the <i>Gik</i> . S. M. Eisenstein	287
Comment and Review	294
Sagan's New Film ; The Secrets of Simbabwe and Tere ; News from Portugal ; Notes on Film Societies ; Photo Flops ; Book Reviews.	

<i>London Correspondent</i> :	ROBERT HERRING
<i>Paris Correspondent</i> :	JEAN LENAUER
<i>Berlin Correspondent</i> :	A. KRASZNA-KRAUSZ
<i>Geneva Correspondent</i> :	F. CHEVALLEY
<i>Hollywood Correspondent</i> :	CLIFFORD HOWARD
<i>New York Correspondent</i> :	H. A. POTAMKIN
<i>Moscow Correspondent</i> :	P. ATTASHEVA
<i>Vienna Correspondent</i> :	TRUDE WEISS

Subscription Rate.

ENGLAND	15 shillings per year
SWITZERLAND	15 francs per year
ALL OTHER COUNTRIES	15 shillings (English) per year

Copyright 1932 by Pool.



CLOSE UP

Vol. IX No. 4

December, 1932

A NIGHT PROWL IN LA MANCHA

The stills from "Don Quixote," used throughout this article are by Roger Forster.

Wandering among outdoor sets where night-scenes are to be made, I wonder if any film will be able to give a fraction of the fascination of this particular "backstage."

Across my shoulders balances the hyaline glow left over by the evening, and like a lemon on a stick on a nose, the quite full moon is perched above the eyes. I am standing for a moment, taking it in. No, I am not taking it in exactly. I am caught in a sort of pause—such as we most of us know—a sort of split-second where everything flows freely in and through. I feel, for instance, that I am no more here than anywhere else in the hills, which have grown black behind, and tumble headlong down the moonlight to the sea. My mind is filled with visions of olive-slopes with their chromium glint in the moon and the blackness of the stone-pines of the Moyenne-Corniche. Eze, a kind of Sphinx, was no less pasteboard than all this. Cap Ferrat, far below, was far less real. And now, on my left is the silhouette of a sound-stage and above me lifts a sudden clatter, like hail, of wind in palm branches. In front the darkness is riven by sun-arcs, blinding the night-sky.

The flimsy lath and plaster of the wrong side of a village street is a high wall cutting this off, but the light streams up and bats zip past and crickets squeal a kind of morse code all the way to Monte Carlo and to Cannes.

Picking my way among cables, I am thrown back into the past. Enormous oil-jars lie in a barn among straw. For a moment I am alone in the crazy street of an ancient village and the moon carves pale-blue zigzags on the white walls.

But this is just as momentary, just as unsettling, as my previous sense of hills, just as abiding and unreal. For, suddenly, voices are raised, a hurricane of human tongues—I sort out German, English, Russian, French, the *patois* of the Coast. Lights fizz and sputter, sun-arcs punch and pummel the dark.

Dazzled, I probe into a world of fantasy.



Here is the house of Don Kee Ho Tay, as they are calling him somewhere behind me, or Donkey Shot, as the Frenchman says on my right. And what a superbly gladdening sight it is, with its mighty beam between two floors, its stern Castilian outline! The sets are by Andreyev, and here his *penchant* for strong, sweeping inter-linear flow and collision, is definitely marked. On the right are old worn steps leading to Don Quixote's porch and overhead a wrought-iron grille guards his window.

"Guarded" should I say, for now his home is given over to the mob. Outside in the open square a bonfire is made ready for his books, and the villagers, looting his library, are gathered on the doorstep. At the word "Interlock," when the clapper marks the opening of the scene, they will rush down helter-skelter, fling their volumes on the ground and

scurry back for more. Two looming monks as petty officials stand to watch. A crowd looks on. It is a very municipal function.

I have spoken of the costumes elsewhere, of their wonderful authenticity—but I have not mentioned what I now see. For I have recognised a number of studio hands in strangest garb. The night grows chill and the dress of summertime which lingers on—those rust-red canvas slacks and sleeveless *maillots* “*qui permettent une exposition solaire plus complète,*” but which permit an exposition in October moonlight too complete to be wise—have been covered more or less with fanciful oddments from the studio wardrobes. Elizabethan doublets, natty cloaks, spry little bodices. . . . The cameraman emerges warmed by a scarf of vermillion gauze!

And while the mob makes merry with those wonderful volumes, time after time, until, as an event, it seems like a faulty gramophone record



PHOTOGRAPH BY FORSTER

going round and round in one groove, I look aloft and find strange life abounding on the roof-tops. Out of all proportion to the violent scene below, bedraggled men appear to have died there. It looks like a kind of mortuary for electrocuted electricians. Their heavy, disenchanted eyes stare vacantly. Inert and stupified, they have, so high above our world amid that glare, a raffish, dissipated air. I think of them as Olympians, as minor deities perched wearily on point-duty, marking Man's fall and rise. Indeed, to a fanciful and by now slightly unstrung imagination, the whole begins to assume a symbolism more sententious than secure. The bulkiest among them, propped in an Elgin-marble attitude, snores audibly through a "take." And, sleeping, seems to be fretted by a certain trouser-button which wont do up. An archway spans the street, high up. An object comes and goes, flashing in and out the light of a lamp. I recognise it as a yo-yo. One thinks of the hand that wields it, of the raffish disenchanted eyes that watch it. But hand and eyes are invisible. There is more up there than meets the eye—which is but to be expected *chez* the immortals.





"Soyez le bienvenu! Maintenant la nouvelle vie commence!"

Then—

"Welcome home! Now begins a new life for you!"

We have had dinner. Chaliapin, Pabst, Paul Morand, Rappaport (Pabst's assistant) myself and several others, noisily devouring rabbit and rough red wine.

Now the scene is changed.

A "travelling."

Don Kee Ho Tay, in a wooden cage drawn by two peruked white oxen, has been borne to La Mancha. The crowd presses forward to gape and mutter. He comes, stupified, from his windmills. Through an arch, round a buttress, into the full glow of the welcoming words of the priest, *Soyez le bienvenu*—into the full glow of his burning books.

Imposing, towering, full of vitality—what a masterwork of makeup has here been accomplished! Before us wavers the half-witted, frail old knight we know, and for a moment the past leaps up again like those very flames that flicker over him, and—like those very flames—at once asserts itself again for what it is. Tattered canvas whirled on wooden drums against the glare of arc lamps—leaping light of the bonfire! How simple it is! And yet, as Mr. Robey said, "It's false, all false!"

At the first "take" an arc spits, moans, then steadies to a rising cacophony. Hush, says a companion, Chaliapin sings!

Back goes the camera for a retake. One of the watching monks faints. He is borne off. He recovers. Lights are dimmed. There is a pause while cognac is brought. Again. *Soyez le bienvenu!* Again. One of the revolving drums begins to squeak. So it goes on. Take and retake. And the night grows colder and colder.

Pabst, the indefatigable, works with all his force. His task is incredible. We who watch and have watched before, are silent, recognising his magic, and the power that serves him. We are aware of the strain, the almost impossible difficulties in his way, the numbing opposition of sheer accident. But he is there with his counter-spell of strength, and one cannot help but feel that here is something of the dauntless quality of chivalry itself—no tilting at windmills, but deep-rooted in original source of inspirational courage.

It is late, or early. A nameless hour. And the work goes on. The gods above have sagged a little more, look more abandoned, desolate and forgotten. Oddly, none of them falls or has been known to do so.

I do not see the yo-yo any more. The dionysic figure of the fat man worried by a button is reduced to the state of the sacking he lies on. His button worries him no more. Gleaming, it proclaims the folly of human endeavour—or maybe, since it comes from Olympus, something more important and intransitive—Becoming is but the present participle of Having Been. Nothing changes. Change is a Becoming which is just the same as Having Been.

Far away in a deserted place sits Sydney Fox, knitting. One wonders why. Sydney Fox, they tell me, wants to get back to Hollywood. Maybe she is dreaming of Hollywood as she sits alone in state and knits whatever it is she is knitting. And, I remember, not without a pang, I had in my innocence and forgetfulness of mind asked "Does she play the English Rosinante?" You will see that I meant *Dulcinea*.* And as I glimpse her now she too seems of another world. And I too, with my frozen feet, I take a look at the moon and begin to wonder what world I am of. I feel it is time to go home. I leave them all—the burning books, the patient oxen, the dead men on the roof, the studio hands in their bodices and tippets, Miss Fox with her knitting, the yawning extras, one and all, and feel my attention closing quietly but firmly round the vision of a snack bar and a *choucroute garnie*.

KENNETH MACPHERSON.

* She plays, of course, Maria, Don Q.'s fair niece.

BOYS WITHOUT UNIFORM



"Before Pass Examination," the new Czech student drama, produced by A-B-Film, Ltd., directed by Svatopluk Inneman in collaboration with Vladislav Vancura.

"Avant les examens," nouveau drame tchèque de A.B. Film Ltd. Mise en scène : Svatopluk Inneman, avec collaboration de Vladislav Vancura.

"Vor dem Rigorosum," das neue tschechische Studentendrama, hergestellt von A-B-Film, Ltd. Regie : Svatopluk Inneman in Zusammenarbeit mit Vladislav Vancura.

This is not the title of a new film. I chose it purposely in order to enable the reader to know at first glance that the new Czech student drama *Before Pass-Examination* has a certain similarity to Leontine Sagan's wonderful film *Girls in Uniform* and endeavours to attain the same sensitive and artistic quality. But by no means do I wish to imply that *Before Pass-Examination* is a copy of *Girls in Uniform*. On the contrary, both films differ profoundly in their dramatic conceptions and backgrounds. The similarity consists in their putting before the spectator the same problems: first, the problem of youth desiring to live its own, free and individual life, the tendency of which is to get rid of mental uniformity; second, to show the spiritless educational drill of the old soldier-like pedagogues. These two problems find in both pictures the same solution: youth is right and triumphs. And while in the German picture the old headmistress hobbles, defeated, into darkness never to appear again, the fade-out of the Czech film shows a conclusion more optimistic though less probable: the

lonesome and confirmed pedant becomes finally a living person with a friendly relationship towards his young pupils. Although there is a certain dependency on *Girls in Uniform*, the new Czech film is more valuable in one respect: it approaches closely to actual present-day student life and is not enclosed in any "period" setting.

There is nothing more probable than that your knowledge in school was rather fragmentary, that you did not always give the correct answer and that many things fascinated you more than Homer. No wonder you were in conflict with your professors—one of whom was undoubtedly extremely severe. In 1932 he bears accidentally a Czech name Klec and is professor of mathematics. Karel Kafka is one of his students and though the name may seem to you rather odd, I am certain you will know him. He is a boy of nineteen, a constant loser, unlucky in everything, for instance when he finally stands at the blackboard, the figures before him seem an insoluble puzzle, though, certainly he is by no means a stupid boy. His friend, Jan Simon, with whom he shares rooms, is one of those lucky men who have inherited many advantages. He learns easily and the girls with whom he comes in contact respond to him more willingly



M. Svoboda, as Karel Kafka, the student, and Jindrich Plachta as Professor Klec, in "Before Pass-Examination."

M. Svoboda, qui interprète l'étudiant Karel Kafka, et, dans le rôle du professeur Klec, Jindrich Plachta. "Avant les examens."

M. Svoboda als Karel Kafka, der Student und Jindrich Plachta als Professor Klec in "Vor dem Rigorosum."



A. Novotny and M. Svoboda in the principal student roles.

A. Novotny et M. Svoboda dans les rôles principaux d'étudiants.

A. Novotny und M. Svoboda als Studenten in tragenden Rollen.

than to the other boys. These two friends soon come into conflict with professor Klec, each in a different way. Kafka again cannot solve an algebraic equation, which seems to him as disastrous, perhaps, as an earthquake. The ground under him is falling—he is to be floored!

On a school trip one day, Simon (on the other hand an excellent student), does not hesitate a moment to tell professor Klec that the class does not like him because he never can understand the spirit of the young and always spoils their joy. Such a forthright, face-to-face controversy had happened in Klec's life never before. Simon *must be dismissed from school!*

But the two boys do not wish to await the authoritative decision. Simon prefers to go abroad while Kafka's only solution is—suicide. It is professor Klec who in the last moment saves Kafka's life, but in the struggle for the revolver he hurts himself seriously. Simon is brought home from the railway-station by professor Donát whose educational methods are diametrically different from those of professor Klec. Donát's relation to the boys is that of a true and kind father, and the class really loves him.



Professor Klec (Jindrich Plachta) and Jan Simon (A. Novotny) the student.

Le professeur Klec (Jindrich Plachta) et Jan Simon, étudiant (A. Novotny).

Professor Klec (Jindrich Plachta) und Jan Simon (A. Novotny) der Student.

Klec now lies in hospital and undergoes a successful operation. During his convalescence the spirit of comradeship in the hospital completes a change in him. Klec feels happy and receives the students with a new joy. Even Simon and Kafka come to the hospital to visit him. They all have a kind word at the tip of their tongues but it seems difficult to utter. So there is nothing to do but praise the weather, which is really glorious.

This is in brief the simple story of the new Czech film *Before Pass-Examination*. It was made by the A-B-Film, Ltd., Prague; the author of the story was Vladislav Vancura, a prominent Czech writer who was also active as an artistic collaborator when the film was in the making. The scenario was the result of a collective work of several collaborators under the guidance of Josef Neuberg and the film was directed by Svatopluk Inneman.

Before Pass-Examination has, on the whole, signs of optimism, joy of life and positive results. Only in passages tending to the suicidal intention of Kafka and in places depicting professor Klec's emotional breakdown, does it become serious, even tragic.

Vancura's aim was to use his story for the purpose of psychologically depicting present-day student life and manners. He looks at the school seriously and in many places with humour, which, however, does not exclude the true significant inter-relation of motives though it never becomes a caricature. The mass scenes in corridors and in the masters' room above all have a definitely humorous intonation and are represented without false pathos, naturally and true-to-life.

Before Pass-Examination has another important ingredient—the poetical one. This poetical factor of the film is taken into consideration chiefly in all the scenes tending to love matters. Love, as a subordinate element of this film, is shown only by the way as the enchantment of youth.

To point out all the many subtleties of this film would demand a longer article and more profound critical analysis than this is. I am only glad to say that *Before Pass-Examination* is the first Czech talking picture which, as if suddenly, discovers that man is not only a figure that



Jindrich Plachta as Professor Klec.

Jindrich Plachta personnifie le professeur Klec.

Jindrich Plachta als Professor Klec.

sings, makes poses and is here to provoke laughter, but a being with a soul and a component part of collective destinies.

Thanks to the influence of Vladislav Vancura, all tastelessness disappeared and even the smallest banality was removed. The skilful control of the director Inneman has been in close contact with Vancura's brain and the result is an almost perfect and vivid work of art, in which the atmosphere of youth is happily and abundantly emphasized by innumerable pictures inspired with pure lyricism, which only in a few passages suffers from too much stylization.

The photography of V. Vích and O. Heller is well woven into the fabric of the theme, it not only shows the action but also helps to create it by its special plastic values. There are many new and original camera angles which are not spasmodically forced but well founded and systematically used.

It is only natural that the sound element of the picture is less perfect than its visual qualities. But the musical score of E. F. Burian deserves attention, and, as for dialogues, they are concise and natural. With a carefully thought-out scenario, the authors did not fear to omit words and music in many scenes in order to stress their thrill and tension.

Only two professional actors are in the cast: Jindrich Plachta in his portrayal of professor Klec stands high above the average, and Frantisek Smolík gives to his role of professor Donát an unusual depth of human emotion and sympathy. All the other prominent parts are interpreted by real students: M. Svoboda and A. Novotny are rather living their roles than acting them, and thanks to intelligent direction their achievement equals that of professional players.

The whole film is a picture of life as we have already lived it, and as hundreds of thousands of young people are living it to-day. It is necessary to emphasize this fact as contemporaneous social problems are not a matter-of-course in present-day cinema. *Before Pass-Examination* differs as much from the German "Burschenschaft" idylls as from the American idealized optimism of golden sporting youth—both types of picture more frequently seen than this Czech one.

Before Pass-Examination is a representative film of the Czechoslovak motion picture production and means a true cultural achievement in the Czech film life.

KAREL SANTAR.



A scene from the Czech film "The Organist From St. Guy's," directed by Mac Fric. The style of the décor suggests the German expressionistic school. Karel Hasler played the leading rôle.

Une scène du film tchèque : "L'organiste de St. Guy," dirigé par Mac Fric. Le style décoratif suggère l'école expressionniste allemande. Interptète principal : Karel Hasler.

Eine Szene aus dem tschechischen Film "Der Organist von St. Veit." Regie : Mac Fric. Der Stil der Dekoration erinnert an den deutschen Expressionismus. Karel Hasler spielte die Hauptrolle.

THE EVENTS OF CZECH FILM

The Czech film abroad is not enough known. It failed to penetrate beyond the borders of the state even in the times of silent pictures and with the coming of talkies its position was still more difficult because of the Czech language barrier. We must confess that Czechoslovakia is not a promised land of film and—by the way—we remember Louis Delluc who used to say the same thing of France. Most of all, there is missing one preconception necessary to the prosperity of film art and that preconception we do not need in quantity of production or in technical inventions but in quality. For even small countries—Sweden for example—were able to establish for a time a very high level of film production. In spite of the



"Tonischka," (1930), was made by Karel Anton from the novel by E. E. Kisch. Here we see Joseph Rovensky the hero, and Ita Rina, in a scene which takes place the night before his execution.

"Tonischka" (1930) fut réalisé d'après la nouvelle de E. E. Kisch, par Karel Anton. L'on voit, ici, le héros du film, Joseph Rovensky, et Ita Rina, dans un passage de l'une des dernières scènes se passant la veille de l'exécution.

"Tonischka," (1930), wurde von Karel Anton nach E. E. Kischs Roman gedreht. Hier sehen Wir Joseph Rovensky, den Helden und Ita Rina, in der Nacht vor seiner Hinrichtung.

fact that the importance of the Czech is not very great in the history of this art, we are able to trace some interesting occurrences in its development.

The history of the Czech film begins very early. Already two years after the first exhibition of the new invention of Brothers Lumieres in the Boulevard des Capucines in Paris in 1898, the first attempts in our country were being made. Short documentary pictures and little stories such as *The Broken Appointment* and *The Bill-Poster* sprang into being almost simultaneously with the super picture of 15 metres *La nuit terrible*, by Melièse and Reulose, considered to be the first farce in general. These movies are kept as "curious historical documents" in the cinematographic department of The Czechoslovakian Technical Museum in Prague.

During the next fifteen years the Czech film is fast asleep. It begins to awaken in 1913, when, in addition to several other films, there is produced a film called *St. John's Streams* which, after many years, is rewarded at the International Photographic Exhibition in Vienna for its excellent photography. But with systematic work we have nothing to do till the end of the Great War, and the Czech Revolution (October, 1918).



"Erotikon," (1929), by Gustav Machaty, was the first silent Czech film to create an international success. Ita Rina and Olaf Fjord.

"Erotique," (1929) réalisé par Gustav Machaty, fut le premier film tchèque muet qui ait obtenu un succès international. Ita Rina et Olaf Fjord.

"Erotikon," (1929), von Gustav Machaty, war der erste stumme tschechische Film, der internationalen Erfolg errang. Ita Rina und Olaf Fjord.

At this time, after the founding of the Czech film studios in Prague, the Czech film production starts growing slowly but surely. While in 1924 eighty thousand metres of positive is produced, the next year shows a remarkable improvement, and now the average is upwards of two hundred and thirty thousand metres of positive a year.

Ensues the second period of the Czech film, imitating the examples of literature. But it is not very lucky in respect of the abilities of the leading protagonists. Though with many of the Czech directors we meet with great technical refinement or remarkable routine-work, not one among them is a real artist, attaining the level of a Pabst in Germany, a Delluc in France, a Seastrom in Sweden, a Griffith in America, and Eisenstein in Russia. Nevertheless there are one or two names which deserve mention, for they represent a good average of European integrity.

First of all is Karel Anton, known abroad for his adaptation of Kisch's *Tonischka*, made in 1930. Svatopluk Innemann is a good director of comedies and farces, (*Good Soldier Schweik*) and is himself the author of many comedies.

The Czech film soon began to co-operate with foreign companies. The first time was in 1920, when Dr. Kolár, for want of a good Czech studio,

was obliged to take his company to Berlin to make his new production *The Song of Gold*. From that time the Czech film executives worked in Berlin or Vienna. Now, however, the Czech film is independent, for Prague has several modern studios, but not yet, as it happens, a sufficient number of good players, for which reason leading parts are often played by foreign artists. Thus in *Tonischka* the leading part is played by Ita Rina and Vera Baranovskaya, while in other films French players have appeared, as, for instance, Claude Lombard, the French actress who in Paris performed Marenka Mary in the famous opera *The Bartered Bride* by B. Smetana.

The first among the Czech directors who founded their success upon this international co-operation was Karel Lamac. He is a director of modern light comedies, author of *Camel Through a Needle's Eye* (which was the film adaption of a very popular comedy by F. Langer) and of many other successful comedies, known even abroad. He it was who discovered the Czech comic-actress Anny Ondráková, better known abroad under the name Anny Ondra.

The most advanced among the Czech directors is Gustav Machaty, who attracted general attention with his *Erotikon*. He went through an American schooling and revealed some excellent qualities as early as 1927 in his bold adaptation of *Kreutzer's Sonata* by Count Tolstoy—which had been made



Anny Ondra, Czechoslovakia's most popular star, in "Anny Makes Fun," (1930), directed by Karel Lamac.

Annie Ondra, actrice la plus populaire de Tchécoslovaquie, dans "Annie s'amuse," (1930). Régie : Karel Lamac.

Anny Ondra, der populärste Star der Tschechoslowakei in "Anny macht Spass" (1930). Regie : Karel Lamac.



„To neznáte Hadimršku“

Vlasta Burian, the most popular Czech comic-player.

Vlasta Burian, le plus populaire des comiques tchécoslovaques.

Vlasta Burian, der populärste tschechische Komiker.

in Russia already before the Great War by Protazanov. The success of Machaty's *Erotikon* in Paris created quite a sensation.

Besides Anny Ondra there are other good film-players. Josef Rovensky with his sense of acute characterisation created many good character-rôles, akin to those of Jannings and Bancroft. J. W. Speerger is very impressive in juvenile parts and Theodor Pistek is a good type of comic player. Today one of the most successful and popular comical actors is Vlasta Burian, whose films are screened in most of the cinemas of Europe, and who is often thought to be a German but is in fact a Czech.

The coming of talkies was advantageous for the development of Czech films, as well as for other small nations. Their output was increased considerably, thanks to this new invention. Foreign films lost their popularity, for the people preferred Czech talkies to sound-films they could not understand.

Thus in the Czech film—in spite of its lack of favourable conditions—we meet with a serious endeavour, which, though all too frequently obliged to adapt to commercial necessities, tries to bring forth a real art.

In a country with such old culture as Czechoslovakia, there is no path for such a young art other than to strive toward original and impressive presentation of its oldest and newest problems.

SVATOPLUK JEZEK.



"*From Saturday to Sunday*," (1931), the first talkie, by Gustav Machaty.

"*Samedi à Dimanche*" (1931) premier "talkie" de Gustav Machaty.

"*Von Samstag auf Sonntag*" (1931), der erste Sprechfilm von Gustav Machaty

THE FIRST OPERA-FILM

The idea is to show operas in the cinema, and Smetana's comic opera *Die verkaufte Braut** (*The Bartered Bride*) served as plot for the first attempt. Not a bad choice for a beginning, for the fresh Slavonic rhythms and dances, the rural atmosphere of Smetana's opera, are perhaps more apt for a film than most other operas, if we have to have them. But, to anticipate, he who knows and loves *Die verkaufte Braut* for the subtle beauty of the music, and goes to the cinema expecting the same artistic experience, will be deeply disappointed, or—according to his temperament—become enraged at the profanation of "his" beloved music. Can one imagine anything worse, than to hear one's favourite song in the following way: some bars of the melody, and at the same time someone speaking the words,

* *Die verkaufte Braut* a Reichsliga-Film directed by Max Ophüls.

Jarmila Novotna in "The Bartered Bride." Photo : Reichsliga-Heros.

Jarmila Novotna dans "L'Épouse échangée." Photo : Reichsliga-Heros.

Jarmila Novotna in "Die verkaufte Braut." Photo : Reichsliga-Heros.



Travelling circus from "The Bartered Bride." Photo : Reichsliga-Heros.

Le cirque ambulant de "L'épouse" échangée. Photo : Reichsliga-Heros.

Wanderzirkus aus "Die verkaufte Braut." Photo : Reichsliga-Heros.



A scene from "The Bartered Bride." Photo : Reichsliga-Heros.

Une scène de "l'Épouse échangée." Photo : Reichsliga-Heros.

Eine Szene aus "Die verkaufte Braut." Photo : Reichsliga-Heros.

which—shoddily composed in the tradition of opera-texts—are simply futile without their tune. There is really not much left of the opera, except the story and parts of the music.

A second possibility is to look at the production from the filmic point of view. First impression : for a film it is altogether too theatre. The film as we all know, is a very realistic medium of representation, too realistic for the improbabilities of opera. If you are in the theatre, and there is a man standing on the stage, singing words which are usually spoken, you can see it as absurd or you can let your fancy lead you into romantic imaginings. Now, if you are not even sitting in front of a stage, but in front of a screen covered with light and dark patterns, you have already to do mental work in imagining these patterns to be a person, and doing that work, you are unable to accept added improbabilities as you do in the theatre. Which, I think, is the principal problem of transforming operas to films.

Against such fundamental difficulties the cleverest director and the best staff cannot successfully strive. For that the man who made the film is

extremely talented and that he was lucky in his choice of actors is beyond discussion. The two principals, Jarmila Novotna and Willy Domgraf-Fassbänder are fascinating both in appearance and in voice. The film was apparently made in the hilly Bohemian landscape, and introduces a lot of charming out-door scenes. The most brilliant scene perhaps is the duet between Kezal and Hans, which they sing riding on horseback on a lovely long road between thick woods—the rhythm of the melody fitting so well to their galloping, that you nearly jump with them in your chair. On the whole, the aim of the film seems to be to drag the Slavian rhythms from their frame and dissolve the opera into a whirl of rapture and movement. One must not overlook the extremely well played comic scenes at a fair and in a circus.

TRUDE WEISS.



Karl Valentin in "The Bartered Bride." Photo : Reichsliga-Heros.
Karl Valentin, dans "L'Epouse échangée." Photo : Reichsliga-Heros.
Karl Valentin in "Die verkaufte Braut." Photo : Reichsliga-Heros.



Willi Domgraf-Fussbaender and Jarmila Novotna in "The Bartered Bride," Photo : Reichsliga-Heros.

Willi Domgraf-Fussbaender et Jarmila Novotna dans "l'épouse échangée." Photo : Reichsliga-Heros.

Willi Domgraf-Fussbaender und Jarmila Novotna in "Die verkaufte Braut." Photo : Reichsliga-Heros.

TWO FILMS AND ONE STAR

There was realisation that life was more than consciousness of self. There was appreciation of the life one shared which trees, skies, light through a storm-swept pane, also shared. There was a sense of dwelling in moss, flint or firelight! Actions were linked to these things. There were bonds with twigs and horizons.

There were bonds—certainly, in the Swedish films. Not only with earth, but with country; the country one lived in, as well as on, and was part of. Bonds with family, friend, feeling, and the fate that was made up of these. To the land and so to the law of the land. Bound to one thing, one was bound to all that went with it. The pleasures and preoccupations recklessly accepted by un-Nordic cultures in Swedish films became or brought with them, bonds. There was, in a sense, no freedom. In another sense, there was the only freedom. In both, the films had a certain responsibility.

There was no blind grasping for good times, undeserved and undurable, as in Californian cinema. No indulgence or individualism as in that of Germany or France; and Russia had not yet occurred. The people of Swedish films were representative; representative of whatever spark of original virtue was in them. They were impelled to give it a good show, to live up to the life they were in and to live up to themselves as that life directed. To do one at the expense of the other meant defiance, therefore waste and frustration, hence tragedy. It was all quite simple. As simple as life—if one, if others rather, had courage to live it. In Swedish films, people had. They embraced their destiny, and embraces are bonds, the worst there are. Those implacable mothers, faithful brothers and almost invariably outcast sons and daughters did what they did because they were bound to. Reasoned consideration of circumstance, intuitively reasoned acceptance of feeling led them to. It became their duty, accepted because analysed. When they failed, they failed through a flaw in their reasoning. Thus and thus only they became cowards or villains. When they loved, they loved with fierce fanatical fervour, and they took pain, not self-sadistically, but as a bond with something further. They wanted to be bound to as much of life as they could. There was no running away, no sex-shilly or spiritual shally. Ironically, these grim, heavy, cloud-shot tragedies were instinct with passion for life. The death-impulse lay in pictures by Chaplin, Pickford, Daniels, Colleen Moore, the get-rich-quickies, which killed them.

Then a new Swedish film comes and one remembers all this. Molander, who made *En Natt* is not, never was, cannot be, a first-rate director, but his film had enough to make us remember all these things which only the Swedish cinema gave. The things which made one accept it, despite its strict retribution, its old-fashioned moral scales, its denial and sacrifice. *En Natt* begins with water-wheels turning, with pale Northern light on stable doors, a stream over rocks, and a voice singing. At once we remember . . . we are back in a world where a voice singing is insolubly linked with the grain in wood, with the way a fern grows, and the flap of a curtain in a rough mill window. We remember that some films, sometimes, give us our own world on the screen. Then the story begins. The implacable mother—Gerda Lundquist, of *Gösta*, herself—bourgeois, and hideously, but so rightly, dressed. She finds one of her two sons to be in love with a mill-girl. Disinheritance, at once! Though Uno Henning,



"The Sanctuary of Ling-Yin, a new Ufaton Documentary-film. Photo : Ufa.

"Sanctuaire de Ling-Yin," documentaire Ufaton. Photo : Ufa.

"Das Heiligtum von Ling-Yin," einem neuen Ufaton-Dokumentärfilm. Photo : Ufa.

the other, pleads for him—and the more he pleads, the more we see that he himself, a Swede, would not love a mill-girl who was Russian. But Armas does and joins the Bolsheviks to show to which side he belongs. The train in which he is travelling is ambushed, and he falls into the hands of loyalist troops, among whom his brother. Armas is sentenced to death and finds Wilhelm in charge of him. Wilhelm lets him out, on his last night, on parole, to visit their mother. He gives him a letter and lends him his coat, so that he can get through the Reds, as their village is in the hands of the Bolsheviks. Armas gallops to his home, hears his mother railing against him, in a firelit living-room, as she knits with hatred. He goes to the mill. There is love and, despite the bad casting of the mill-girl, lyricism. Armas insists that he must leave at five. The girl, finding the vaguely-worded letter, which he did not deliver, locks him in. Armas, finally threatening her with her life, escapes—he had to, he had to keep his word, rather than stay with her. To his mind it is a question of happiness; we must remember that, for to ours it seems plain foolishness. Let us remember too, that to other cultures it would seem a good idea for Wilhelm, who after all, they would say, is not in love at all, to take his place; that would be awful! Armas gallops back, but he is in too much of a hurry to explain this time to the Red guards that he is one of them on reconnoitre, and they shoot at him. Wilhelm waits; it is worse to wait for a crisis of someone one is bound to than to be that person. Henning in consequence dominates this picture. His strength, the calm lines of his face cut by the sorrow of his eyes, know what is meant here, and his hands come into their own. He is jeered at for letting the prisoner go. He will come, he says,

my brother will come. He has the same family pride as his mother, taking a different form. Armas does come, wounded. He falls at the feet of his brother. He has kept his word and he dies, though the firing squad need not shoot him. And he returns to his family, in a hearse, in a funeral that takes place with *Earth* in understanding what funerals are and what reach-me-down religions have made some forget they can be. The only one out of it is the Russian girl.

It is the same, you see, the same gift, the same knowledge, the same values. One grows livid with the people for being so hidebound, but they are right in their way, and we grant them the doubt's benefit that perhaps they owe their vigour, their single-purposeness, their courage to these very bonds they cling to so long after they need not. Whatever it is, it goes with this life and this integrity—an integrity which Garbo managed to keep through Hollywood, whatever they made her do, whatever she agreed to do, such as *Mata Hari*, for money.

For with Garbo, too, there is the same sense of being linked to something more than one's personal life. Of carrying on and of being carried. Garbo in love, uses her lover as a means to reaching that land, that mood, that peace she requires. That is what makes it so difficult for her leading men, and so hard to find scenarios in which her leading man can continue to be the wooed. But he is wooed, not for what he is, but for what he stands



"The Sanctuary of Ling-Yin," a Ufaton Documentary-film. Photo: Ufa.

"Sanctuaire de Ling-Yin," documentaire Ufaton. Photo: Ufa.

"Das Heiligtum von Ling-Yin," einem neuen Ufaton-Dokumentärfilm. Photo: Ufa.

for, or in the way of. Garbo has never lost this, this restless quest; it is what makes her sometimes tired, which the movies try to turn into languorousness; it is what makes her dynamic, determined, when she goes out to get what she knows she needs, throwing back her head, or a hand, palm outwards—and the movies try to prove thereby that she is a vamp. But they never succeeded. No one vamped with less enthusiasm than Garbo in her early American films; it has only been later, sure of herself, able to have her own way and having learnt what American ways are, that she has gone in for the game of overdoing whatever she least wanted to do. If a woman like Mata Hari is going to be reduced to the level of a brainless Bara, Garbo will fling herself into the fun. If, after *Anna Christie*, Garbo is made to be "Yvonne, the toast of Paris," impertinent, preposterous Garbo will be, letting only occasionally something of her own cold flame burn up between the naphtha flares of an unreal rôle. Garbo astonishes people by being alternately strangely careless and suddenly precise, right, and assured in her handling of rôles, but it is only because she takes a rôle for one little thing in it it offers her, one chance to express her unconscious Nordic inheritance. The rest she discards—treats conventionally, casually. Only in her last film, when she was called upon to be a cabaret singer, did she bother to be one. Then, as Zara, she seemed to enjoy the chance to show all the others that they were not even cabaret singers, but themselves; while she was not only Zara, but all cabaret singers. She reached through to a lot of worlds when she said of champagne, "nobody really likes it, but it looks gay." That was the Swedish gift, of seeing through things to what they represent, of knowing the particular kind of bond that champagne implies.

When I began as a critic six years ago, one of the first films I reviewed was Garbo's first American picture. Now, after *Grand Hotel* and *As You Desire Me*, I take a temporary farewell of her. I find it agreeable to remember how I said, six years ago, when she was unknown to me, that "One felt that her brain had not been blocked out with her eyebrows. Consequently a mere turning away and angle of an arm were eloquent, in a manner quite sharply cut, but cut on a large scale." I consider the films she has made since then, *Wild Orchids*, *The Divine Woman*, *The Single Standard*. I remember that with her talkies she was allowed to have one serious film to two bad ones—*Anna Christie*, followed by *Romance* and *Inspiration*, and *Susan Lennox*, followed by *Mata Hari* and doubtless another, had not she so definitely "tank she go 'ome" and been allowed *As You Desire Me*. And though one may regret the form her career has taken—remembering what it might have been, after *Joyless Street*—one remembers that all through she has kept her Swedish integrity, and made it the cornerstone of her career.

Sad as it is to be philosophical, it is true that even in Germany *Joyless Streets* are not made every day, and perhaps it is true that Garbo, diffusing

"China Rejuvenated." A new
Ufaton Documentary-film. Photo:
Ufa.

"Le rajeunissement de la Chine,"
documentaire Ufaton. Photo:
Ufa.

"Verjüngtes China." Ein neuer
Ufaton-Dokumentärfilm. Photo:
Ufa.

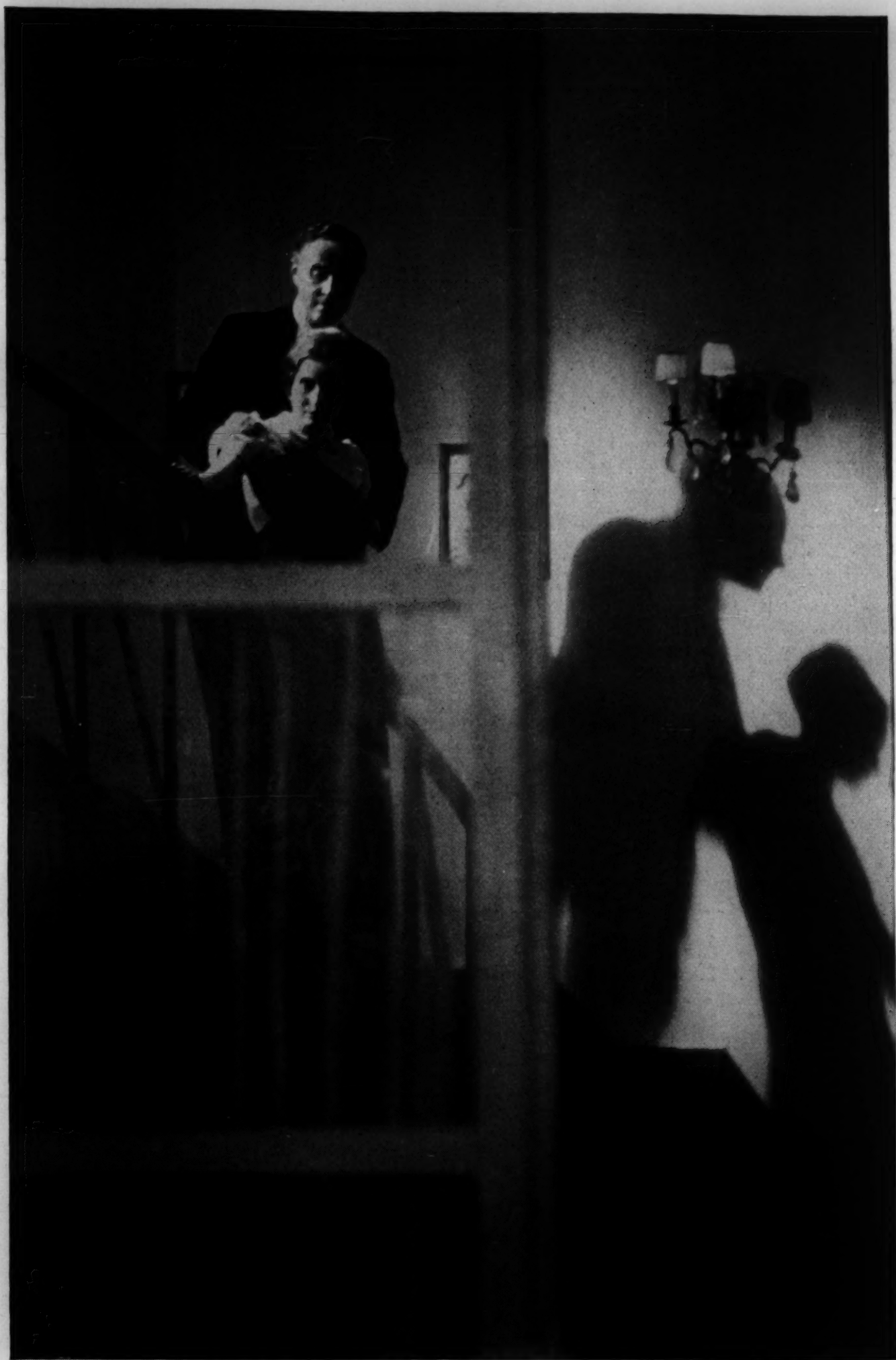


herself in many bad films, has yet had more effect on cinema at large than had she been content to be a Brigitte Helm, who rises occasionally from a stagnation of which she is never quite free. Garbo was never stagnant, rarely stunted. She survived Hollywood, even when it meant learning English. There is irony somewhere in the story of her rise out of the ashes of Swedish cinema.

And seeing *En Natt*, seeing Henning again, who might have been a Garbo himself, I remember that her quality is not simply personal, is not, least of all, built up by directors (since she worked equally with various) but that it comes from where she came from . . . the old Swedish cinema, the strange thing it had. And after *En Natt*, I go to see a short semi-documentary called *The Island of Peril*, and find the same thing again. It is a picture made of the Faröe Islands. Halfway through, it stops being scenic. We are watching the "king-peasant" on an island, shearing his sheep. They are kept from being blown off the island by walls six feet deep, and the walls are kept from being blown off themselves by steel cables. We are watching, learning, liking, and suddenly the film cuts to a sunlit view, with a boy looking to sea, and the commentary informs us that he is looking towards the island of his beloved. Then he sends a cow over, to

the girl's father, and the father replies that youth of twenty has done nothing to deserve a Viking's daughter. He tells him he must first climb Devil's Ledge, and do another climb, before he can marry. The boy agrees—and here, I was back in the code of *En Natt* again. Johann sets off, having first had a funeral service read over him. This is a Faröese custom, as, if men fall from the thousand-foot ledges, there is little left to read a service over. They read it before. A cameraman scarcely less intrepid follows Johann on the windy, knife-thin ledges, and we see him lowered hundreds of feet down the face of a cliff. It is all right if he can keep his feet to the cliff, for then he can push himself off when the wind sends him against it, but if he is blown backwards, his spine is broken. . . . This and much like this we see. He captures his eggs and his puffins—the tests were to show that he could provide Johanna with food. He and his companions set out to her island, in a boat still made in Viking-fashion, as I have myself seen them. There follows the wedding, in strange saga-like Norse clothes, the men in buckled shoes, breeches, short coats with buttons, and kind of forage-caps. There is Faröese singing and dancing, and then they row back. Johann leads his wife up the path from the sea—and again, I realise the acceptance of the things that call out this strange vigour and power to survive. There is only one path from the sea, it winds up eight hundred feet, and no one bothers to do anything but go up it. It is not made safer or surer. It is left—to be used. The people in this film were Faroese, taken and used, but they had in their faces all the tradition that lights Swedish work. As a modern saga in miniature, *The Island of Peril*, (rented by Wardour) is remarkable. It is spoilt by a facetious commentary, and by slight attempts to dramatise the Faröes. We are not shown Thorhavn; and no one would guess that the islanders play football—they are made out too at odds with nature and wreaking a pitiful sustenance, etc., etc., from the barren, etc., rocks. One would not think they ever went over to Iceland on missions so flippant as football . . . but that is by the way, and it is something to see the Faröes and their life, human and bird, on the screen. Taken with *En Natt* and *Grand Hotel*, both on in London together, it opens an old pocket in one's mind, a pocket first filled by Seastrom and Brunius, where there was realisation that life was more than consciousness of self, where through all the tragedy there was so much will to live that even Garbo survived Hollywood, *und so weiter*.

ROBERT HERRING.



Elizabeth Bergner in "The Dreaming Mouth," a new Paul Czinner film for Matador-Bayerische Filmgesellschaft. Photo : Bayerische Filmgesellschaft, m.b.H.

Deux photos d'Elizabeth Bergner dans "La bouche rêveuse," nouveau film réalisé par Paul Czinner, pour la Matador-Bayerische Filmgesellschaft. Photo : Bayerische Filmgesellschaft m.b.H.

Elizabeth Bergner in "Der träumende Mund," einem neuen Film von Paul Czinner für Matador-Bayerische Filmgesellschaft. Photo : Bayerische Filmgesellschaft m.b.H.



ELIZABETH BERGNER AGAIN

There are actors whose aim is to represent the greatest possible number of contrasting types, and there are others who play the same type of rôle throughout their lives, "they always play themselves" one says of them, and they are the more convincing ones. Elizabeth Bergner belongs to the latter group, and it is proof of the greatness of her art that she has no scheme but works out slight shades very distinctly.

In her recent film, *Der träumende Mund* (*The Dreaming Mouth*)* she is given the opportunity of unfolding all her talent and personality, from girlish charm to brave and passionate womanhood. The plot of the film can be told in a few words: a happily married woman suddenly attracted by a great artist, has to decide between lover and husband, and too weak to decide but too strong to renounce, tortured by the conflict between passion for her lover and genuine devotion to her husband, makes an end to her life.

* *Der träumende Mund*, a Matador-Film after Henri Bernstein's play *Melo*, directed by Paul Czinner.

The first part of the film is very large and detailed, nearly losing itself in depicting mood and atmosphere; a concert, where great parts of Beethoven's concerto for violin and orchestra are played, seems an interruption to the action, at first sight, but is really a very fine introduction to the atmosphere. The psychological situation in the following scenes is worked out subtly and played masterfully—by Bergner as well as by her fellow-players, Forster and Edthofer—and is not possible to describe, as it often depends on a slight movement, or vocal inflection. The part of the husband is played by Anton Edthofer nearly enervatingly well. And there is Rudolf Forster, very similar to the person he played in *Ariane*, but perhaps more reserved and quiet—more congenial on the whole, I think.

The action of the film, so slow in the first part, is suddenly speeded up, not very skilfully. So the film does not form a unit. And only when I saw it for the second time, already prepared for the unusual rhythm, I enjoyed much more its inherent quality. But certainly it is the most



"The Dreaming Mouth," with Elisabeth Bergner. Directed by Paul Czinner. Photo: Bayerische Filmgesellschaft m.b.H.

"La bouche rêveuse," avec Elisabeth Bergner, dirigée par Paul Czinner. Photo: Bayerische-Filmgesellschaft m.b.H.

"Der träumende Mund," mit Elisabeth Bergner. Regie: Paul Czinner. Photo: Bayrische Filmgesellschaft m.b.H.

impressive Bergner film recently made, perhaps her best film, reminiscent of her old *Nju*.

Nobody knows for what reason the film was called *The Dreaming Mouth*—but perhaps that's the fashion now.

TRUDE WEISS.

P.S.—I feel obliged to tell you that my opinion of this film is not shared by the *Bildstelle des Zentralinstituts für Erziehung und Unterricht* in München. For they refused to grant it a certificate of Artistic Merit with the argument that it showed adultery!



A scene from the British International film, "The Indiscretions of Eve," directed by Cecil Lewis.

Une scène du film : "Les indiscretions d'Eve," réalisé par Cecil Lewis, British International Film.

Eine Szene aus dem British International Film "Die Indiskretionen Evas." Regie : Cecil Seurs.

PLOTS IN OUR TIME

By OSWELL BLAKESTON and ROGER BURFORD.

NOTE.—Non-professional cineastes sometimes join clubs or groups: then their scenarios have to have many parts, male and female. It is because of this chiefly that their work, in the result, looks amateur, because the effort has been towards a re-creation of Hollywood. The best excuse, however, for the individual or amateur movie, is the effort to do something that the professional cinema does not do. So this scenario, and others that will follow, suggests themes than can be done by independent workers, and are only likely to be done by independent workers. Some will utilise simple sets which can be built in a room, others will be entirely exterior. The chief concern is material that is essentially cinema, though no particular plank will be maintained.

Most contemporary films, both professional and amateur, are of the story-telling order. In the list of strict classification, drawn up by the cinema student, there are, of course, many other headings: abstract films with music (Oskar Fischinger), camera-eye films with controlled sounds (Walther Ruttmann and Dziga Vertof), cartoon symphonies (Walter Disney), etcetera, etcetera. But, for every practical reason and for some considerable time, suggestions concerning the improvement of cinema, of the bringing of something new to cinema, are of most need and of greatest value when made in relation to story telling material.

With any story-telling medium the emotional and artistic effect is nearly always slightly marred by MECHANISM, although it is the mechanism which makes the story. Thousands of "souls" are not saved on desert islands after shipwreck on the high seas: about them there can be no tale for they perish. All the same, it remains a fact that mechanism is one of the limitations of the story telling art: equally, it remains the fault of the spectator if he cannot accept initial conditions and then imaginatively judge the super-structure.

Now, no medium of story-telling has such imposing mechanism as the cinema, for it is the essence of cinema to isolate and magnify. In the dark of the movie theatre, words and actions are framed on the screen almost as illustrated mottoes on the wall ("God Bless Our Home!"). Yet, again, magnification of mechanism remains a limitation of cinema.

So we come to the old rule, which is ever being quoted by those who desire to rid themselves of subconscious necessity of putting virtue into practice: "the artist does not work within his limitations, he exploits



"Creosote," a film by Joris Ivens, realised by Jean Dréville. Wood-cutting in the Polish forests.

"Créosote," un film de Joris Ivens réalisé par Jean Dréville. Coupes de bois dans les forêts de Pologne.

"Creosote," ein Film von Joris Ivens, ausgeführt von Jean Dréville. Holzfällen in den polnischen Wäldern.

them!" Well, we have been speaking of mechanism (limitation of story-telling) and of magnification of mechanism (limitation of cinema); why should they not be exploited, why should we not be artists? Not as a definite and final law of cinema (banish fatal curse of Finality Complex) but as an interesting step forward to the next development; let us exploit this limitation and this special aspect of the limitation in order to get immediate material for several different and pioneering films. How? *When mechanism imposes itself unduly make MECHANISM a character in the play, personify MECHANISM as DESTINY.*

This means something more subtle, if less released, than an allegorical figure leaning down, from the top left-hand corner of the picture, and saying fiercely to Dickie Moore, "It's no use fighting any more, you'll just have to eat those candies!" Perhaps the idea can be best explained through the agency of swift example—a short film of a horoscope.

For one thing, there is such splendid cinema material in the symbols and ritual of horoscope-casting: a story grows from almost any arbitrary selection of zodiac signs. The Archer, the Virgin, the Waterman, the Twins, the Fishes: they make a cast list for a spontaneously evoked

sequence. From the highbrow's viewpoint, there are fascinating possibilities: superimposition of Destiny beyond present reality with gradual conforming of present to greater pattern, astral lights, section studies of symbols superimposed over the parts of the human body which they dominate, never-before heard sounds having their origin in interstellar space. The lowbrow is, on his side, certain to be a disciple of one of the astrologers appointed to a Sunday paper. Indeed, it is odd that no American company has yet ventured on a series of horoscope shorts. *But the point to be stressed HERE is that MECHANISM (Destiny and Compulsion) are being deliberately exploited.*

HOURS OF DESTINY

Wheel of the planets revolves anti-clockwise round the ball of the world. Wheel of the constellations revolves clockwise round the planets. Lights glow strangely. The spinning universe, emitting its high pitched cosmic note recedes into space. On the darkness, a clock face glows, striking the half hour against the pitch of the cosmic note, which, rising, reaches equilibrium with the birth cry of a child.

For a child has been born. A bedside, a woman's face; glimpsed for a moment before return to waste places of the universe, in which planets and stars now shoot and glow. The voice of Destiny declares the fate of the native of that hour and that minute.

While the voice is speaking, lights and shapes of heavenly bodies seek abstraction. Sometimes lights swirl into a birth-vortex in which some living scene faintly enacts itself—a cut from the main section of the picture, at first mobile for a few feet then static. Such representational scenes, threaded through the net-work of abstraction, are the Hours of Destiny!

Whirling circles envelope the last scene illustrating the spoken horoscope.

Suddenly, a bright lit wall. Man and his friend stand by the wall. Both are Indians. Man, obsessed, is tortured to violent action; his friend has a greater and quieter strength. Smoke from an open window. Rifle hurled against paving stones. Man moves to snatch bayonet. His friend restrains him. Man seems to ask, "Must not THIS be avenged?" A memory breaks from a corpse, the moment before death, then another and another figure in the series of agony (multiple horizontal exposure of same body to fill screen). Magically the bayonet replaces itself in the rifle (one picture one turn). The friend seems to be saying, "Not violence with violence, that only destroys YOU."

(The action of these scenes is clear from the pantomime: sounds are whipped up but belong to the street fight which has been fought here earlier in the day.)



"La Varenne," a new film directed and photographed by Jean Dréville.

"La Varenne," nouveau film réalisé et photographié par Jean Dréville.

"La Varenne," ein neuer Film mit Jean Dréville als dem Regisseur und Photograph.

His friend leads Man to an underground café. Oriental music with incantation power. His friend passes Man a cup. He smiles and Man answers with a smile of comradeship. The cup glows with a hidden light and life. His friend leaves Man. Slowly the light fades from the cup. Music changes to memory of street fighting. Boy playing a drum becomes officer with a machine gun. Scenes of horror in the world outside haunt. Is it true that nothing can be done to help the cause?

Man begins to smoke. Cigarette end, stubbed into the cup. Magic flames spring up to devour the couch on which the friend lies in his house.

Stumbling, Man leaves the café for his own room. The room of the friend is a replica of the room of Man stripped of ornament and picture. Backwards and forwards, Man paces. In his sleep, his friend tosses about. From under the bed, Man pulls out a box. In the box is a pistol. Man holds the pistol, aims at statue, imagines statue with shattered head. On his bed the friend lies with shattered head like that of the statue. Sounds are the constant breathing of the friend in his hypnotic sleep and the small sounds made by man himself.

Frightened, Man turns to a mirror to mark Fear and Horror which he expects to find. In the mirror, though, he meets a vision. Again, those who wound and torture his brothers while he, Man, remains inactive.

Man splits into many men of doubt. Forces rush inwards. Driven, Man takes the pistol and makes for the door.

The friend, who would check Man from foolish action, begins to project his astral body. Transparent body, bound to its reality by a silver cord, sways towards the door. There starts to burn Zodiacal Sign, forcing back, back the astral one.

Man walks through the darkening streets, concealing, awkwardly, furiously, the revolver beneath his coat. Police pass. Man hides in the shadow of a statute. Man glances up. Statue turns to friend holding the cup. Man sways, shaken. He sweeps a hand in front of his face. The voice of Destiny speaks. Light of the cup dies again. Statue turns back to itself. . . .

Man is outside the door of a theatre. A small crowd is waiting for the exit of some important personage. He comes, fat and well dressed. Man cries. It is an enemy, murderer of his brothers. Once, twice, three times, Man fires. . . .

Wounds appear on the body of the friend stretched on the bed. Blood flows.

Circles close in, planets and stars.

NOTE ON PRODUCTION

Purposely this scenario has been left flexible: sound, for instance, is valuable but not essential. There are tricks in it that are difficult, but one may go as far as one can. The 'tricks' however are something more than tricks: they are the mechanism of the cinema that continually surprises and delights, like words flashing out in poetry and meaning more than themselves. 'Obey mechanics' is a good motto for the amateur: if you have, for instance, a camera that is incapable of dissolves and fades, make a point then, rather than try and fake them, of a film that is all cuts and sudden startling juxtapositions.



"L'Affaire est dans le Sac." Photo : Pathé-Natan."

"L'affaire est dans le sac." Photo : Pathé-Natan.

"L'Affaire est dans le Sac." Photo : Pathé-Natan.

PARIS NEWS

An article under my signature may cause astonishment after a long silence—or maybe none, since articles by me have probably been missed by nobody!

But, think! For two years there has been nothing to notify to *Close Up* readers. Oh, maybe: French production has increased in an extraordinary way. . . . Quantitatively. The quality? *C'est un autre histoire!*

This, briefly, is the story of my absent articles. I'm not French. But I've chosen France in which to make my home, if I may dare say so, because it is the one country in the twentieth century where you can live as you choose. Thus I contracted a debt of *reconnaissance* towards this land, and it

became difficult to speak of its film production without speaking ill! In the end, this became distasteful.

It's a little as if one accepted the charming hospitality of a friend and said afterwards how badly his wife dressed. That it might be true would not save it from odiousness. Added to which, it would become tiring to repeat oneself *ad infinitum*. There remained but one solution: silence.

To-day I take courage to remake contact with *Close Up*.

Do not believe, however, that French production has become marvellous overnight!

We know that since talking films, the French cinema has been organising its commercial resources. That is a great deal. From the marsh of incompetent persons who directed the cinema, emerged two or three enterprises to create a commercial basis for production.

The artistic and spiritual results were lamentable. But, imperceptibly, one felt something new shaping itself. The cinemas went very well. The traders were doing business. The talking film was a new attraction and, open-mouthed, though by no means stupid, the public was so enthralled by this new bawble that it dared not confess its deception.

But all things must end. Curiosity satisfied, the public started to whistle its discontent at what the great producers dished out to it. These latter, tearing their hair, reproached the journalists with ingratitude if they ventured to speak ill of their super-productions, and went on engaging the same incapable directors and writers who had already dragged the French cinema to the dust.

The young ones, fired with enthusiasm and predictions of stupendous possibilities, soon lost their ardour. Why try? Those who persisted were incarcerated as assistants to directors without talent or drive, and slumbered in their *usines aux images*.

The field was swept clean. No longer need be feared those stern and just critics who had seen in the cinema something other than a means of enrichment or brutalising of the film public. Forced to earn one's living, one accepted an antidotal employment and held one's peace.

The *Revue du Cinema*, commendably sincere and wrathful toward cinema as mart and exchange, was overwhelmed by the combines and ceased to protest. Result: The *Revue du Cinema* is no more. It was the one French journal of any interest.

But that is not all. In the days of silent films, it was possible to make oneself known by some small, original work of one's own. Some sympathetic person might be found who would give film-stock gratis, someone else would find a camera, and thus one was equipped to turn out a little film which had its chance. If it had merit, the Ursalines would put it on, and there, for a number of beginners, was a chance to prove something of their mettle.

That's all knocked on the head. Now that the screen *utters* (no oracle, alas, is this phenomenon!) the least little film runs considerably into money,

and private initiative is unable to take the risk involved. The young cinéphile has thus no means to show his unexploited talent. But the handicap does not stop there. Nobody can hope to sell a scenario. In Germany and even America, this is sometimes possible. In France, no! The boulevard theatres and their plays are almost solely the inspiration of the screen. One is not mistaken in finding the results deplorable.

René Clair, the one astonishing exception to this spiritual inertia, maintains his place apart for several reasons. But it does not seem necessary to discuss them here. His work has gained the world-wide reputation we foresaw when he made films which pleased only an infinitesimal minority. We applaud wholeheartedly. There may be certain reservations but all the same, he gives the impression of an oasis, which in the desert of mediocrity of French films, is sorely needed.

Not long ago René Clair published an article in *le Temps* in which he proved that the existing methods of capitalistic cinema were at fault in that none of the spiritual force or new blood which is so much needed, were to be found.

He concluded that, being so, maybe the capitalistic system was not the ideal system. *Le Temps*, a right-minded journal, dared not print the dangerous idea. The shareholders would be alarmed. And what of the advertisements and general business policy?

Thus, for two years I sought an oasis, and finally found one, strange as it may seem! Two unknown (unknown because they did not stoop to the "combines" which are the order of the day) stumbled on the possibility of making a film. And it was one of the big firms that gave them their chance. It seems incredible, but there it was!

Their names: Pierre Prévert, director, and Jacques Prévert, his brother, the author of the scenario. And the firm which authorised them to make their film was Pathé Natan, the greatest in France. True, they were helped enormously by the studio director, M. David, a young man (the term is used here in its full sympathetic connotation) through whose permission they were enabled to make the film in their own way. They could take the actors they wanted, and that is almost a fairy tale these days!

And the result is an excellent film, genuinely gay, and deriving certain inspiration, if one believes in that, from the best Mack Sennett and Marx Brothers comedies.

It is all in the gayest manner.

You must know the scenario. A provincial French town. The little square. A young man, with a none too intelligent air, reads on a bench. A girl comes from a house, passes near the young man, smiles. The young man, none too courageous, dares not raise his eyes. The girl is insistent, smiles, repasses, smiles, repasses. . . .

Suspicion seizes us. This girl, maybe she's not all she should be, *commerce de charmes*, one feels. But fie! She's none but the daughter



Decroux, the hatter-gangster in "L'Affaire est dans le Sac," Photo : Pathé-Natan.

Decroux, le chapelier-gangster, dans "l'Affaire est dans le sac." Photo : Pathé-Natan.

Decroux, der Hutmacher-Bandit in "L'Affaire est dans le Sac." Photo : Pathé-Natan.



"L'Affaire est dans le Sac." Lora Hays and J. B. Dreyfus. Photo : Pathé-Natan.

"L'affaire est dans le sac." Lora Hays et J. P. Dreyfus. Photo : Pathé-Natan.

"L'Affaire est dans le Sac." Lora Hays und J. P. Dreyfus. Photo: Pathé-Natan.

of the very multi-millionaire, Helister, American, blotting paper king, and the young man has caught her fancy.

At home, suitors await her. There is a young effeminate one, concerned only with his shoes, never glossy enough to satisfy; an old man who relates to all and sundry, that he *loves, loves* this girl, while the others love only his money. There is an officer, an aristocrat, a priest. An entire human fauna!

The girl has asked her father to aid in selection of a husband, but he, wise man, keeps out of it. He is bored. And all he asks is that the young man shall be amusing and create laughter. So the girl sends everyone packing but the young man with his eyes so blue whom recently she had vamped on the bench. They speak of their happiness. The father enters, demands that something to amuse him shall be done. Alas, the young man imitates the crowing of a cock, and for ten years the old man's valet has been trying to make him laugh in just this way. The young man is chucked out.

But all this has been witnessed by the owner of the hat-shop opposite, and he is seized with profit-making schemes. An odd hat-shop. There is but a single hat. When a customer asks for a hat, his own, transformed, is resold to him. Or paper hats are sold to madmen who deplore they cannot find a hat they like. Now the hatter, at the end of his resources, recruits the young man, named Jean Paul. They steal the hats of passers by, who fail to notice anything. But that is not all. The hat maker has a scheme whereby Jean Paul can marry Miss Gloria.

The hatter is by no means a simple hatter but a gangster, and this to the great regret of his sleepy assistant who prefers his honest thieving to the fantastic plans of his employer. However, there is the little brother of Miss Gloria and he must be stolen. They will demand ransom, and after it is paid, the young man will turn up as rescuer with the little man, and the father will be unable to refuse him his daughter's hand. *L'affaire est dans le sac*, says the hatter.

Complications! For the kidnappers make a big mistake. They carry off the father! And now he, who had been a gangster himself, begins to enjoy life again. The whole business pleases him vastly, and he has no wish to go home, even when the ransom has been paid. Finally he has to be chloroformed and carried back. And the young man thus becomes the father's rescuer, though the latter had no will to be rescued. He marries Miss Gloria.

Some years later, the married couple go out with their two children. They walk where they first met. The husband becomes sentimental, the young wife maudlin. They stop in front of the hat-shop, which has long since been shut and from which strange noises are sometimes heard. A brave citizen, determined to lay the ghost, opens up the iron shutters. A bearded man streaks out, crying in desperation, "I asked for a *béret*, a simple little *béret*—that's not so out of the way!" End.

Only a vague idea can be gleaned by the imaginative from the above. The charm is in the method.

This was a film made with minimum outlay, for, being unknown persons, large sums were not available. These brothers, without wish to dazzle, desired to show that good work can be done with simple means. No complicated camera-work, nothing very extraordinary, simply a straight realization of a theme which had amused them.

Pierre Prévert, directing for the first time, shows that he belongs to that exceptional class of beings that one might call born directors. He has those precious gifts so sadly lacking in the majority of those who tinker with films. He knew exactly how to use his actors, of whom many were non-professionals, and under his direction they achieved that economy of gesture which enchants. They were able to adapt themselves to the inconsequent logic of Jacques Prévert's scenario.

One can easily be mistaken. But I think I make no mistake in predicting a happy career for this film, even outside the French-speaking countries, as well as for the brothers Prévert. They deserve it.

JEAN LENAUER.



A scene from the Portuguese film "Campinos."

Une scène du film portugais : "Campinos."

Eine Szene aus dem portugiesischen Film "Campinos."

DOG DAYS IN THE MOVIE

The Rin Tin Tinnabulation of the melancholy bells: "Hollywood's canine prince" is dead at the age of 14, after 13 good-luck years of mute but glistening heroism before the camera. "Rin Tin Tin," an obituary reads, "was essentially a gentleman. That is why audiences were so fond of him." He earned \$300,000 for his owners and kept Warner Brothers from going to the dogs. His name must be joined with that of another gentleman and hero, the cowboy Tom Mix, who for many years kept the Fox corporation in the saddle. Like the puncher, the hound too was to have made a comeback in the era when the bark must be as good as the bite—inevitably to as little success. They never come back! or if they do, it is not to glamour as of old. For in this cynical period even the dog-stars are suspected. And though statesmen and men of perched brow may assert their devotion to "the art of the western" or "the art of Rin Tin Tin," and thereby vindicate Hollywood and Hays, as well as the aestheticians of the primitive, there is no vindication of Tom Mix or Rin Tin Tin—they need no vindication. In these elementary cinemas of literal and undisturbed action—and audience reaction—with their unvarying formula of suspense and climax and relief, there is no criterion but this formula. The audience delighting in the simplicities of this melodrama does not debate photography, direction or even performance, and recognizes little or no difference between a Tom Mix and a Buck Jones or even a Buddy Roosevelt, between a Rin Tin Tin, Sen., and Rin Tin Tin, Jun., or a Ranger, between a Mickey Mouse and an Oswald the Rabbit. Once there was Strongheart the dog, and he became one with Rin Tin Tin—distinctions are affectations in this category, dog is not plural. The applause of the audience is not for the singular entree but for the staple condiment, and any brand will do—the average housewife can not distinguish between different brands of salt. Claims of superiority are made by the populist and it is he who betrays the primitive, the elementary, the staple by branding it "art."

Rin Tin Tin is dead and therefore, being a dog, he must be happy. It is invidious to enshrine him as artist or even as gentleman, though we may permit the latter as a conceit. Yet can I not hear the enterprising critic, in an effort to make his snobbery popular and profitable, submit the marketable but questionable suggestion: "What the movie needs is another good dog." Marketable because it is cute and for the moment inveigles the simple audience into a worthless self-esteem. Yesterday such elegances were reserved for effete magazines like *The Soil*, *Broom*, *The Dial*. Today they are doled out with blessings on slapstick and "autographed bathtubs" to the vast millions, so easily tantalized and betrayed.

No longer will staples sustain. The need is for diets. The movie "art-industry," as Jesse Lasky called it, is in a hell of a fix. It is between the



A reel of "Perfect Understanding," Gloria Swanson's new film, ready for the editor's shears. This photo marks a pleasing advance in publicity methods, making in itself an excellent composition of uncommon interest.

Une bobine "d'Harmonie parfaite," le dernier film de Gloria Swanson qui va passer par les ciseaux de l'éditeur. Cette photo révèle une nouvelle formule plaisante de publicité, par le choix excellent de son motif inédit.

Aus "Völliges Verstehen," Gloria Swansons neuem Film, der auf des Herausgebers Schere wartet. Dieses Photo bedeutet einen erfreulichen Fortschritt in der Methode der Reklame; es ist schon an sich eine ausgezeichnete Komposition von ungewöhnlichem Interesse.

devil (Hays the evangel) and the deep dead sea (Holy Hollywood), and what lies between is morass. My metaphors are mixed, but then so is the movie, despite the more direct control of that spasmodic jack-in-the-box by the mechanism called Wall Street. The mechanism itself is askew. Rin Tin Tin evolved during the ascent of cinema and at his peak, after having borne Warners through difficulties, he could support them no more. It was then garrulity succeeded the mute hero. He was still vital but Hollywood was not, and so he was discarded by Warners who needed more than the b.o. appeal of Rin Tin Tin to safeguard their stock-juggling. The noble beast typified the contradiction of the movie: it, intrinsically, was still vital but Hollywood was not. Not that the talkie was not inevitable, but only that it was unanticipated in the understanding of the practitioners, therefore premature. Even today there are few who can comprehend the talkie as a sound-sight compound. And today the talkie cannot salvage the movie,

and no other technical development can salvage it, for sound-and-talk brought a new sense into play and with that set the limits of compounding, wide as they are. All other innovations are heightenings within these limits.

The trouble with the movie is a chronic one. Had its own body been more properly kept it might have resisted the epidemic crisis better. The cure, that is the improvement of the body politic of the movie, is simpler than supposed, perfectly obvious, therefore avoided by all those who sell slogans about the art of the horse-opera or the recrudescence of the serial or the unimpeachable Walt Disney—withall due respect. The answer is "subject-matter." Subject-matter, the content of daily life. I shall not gainsay "fantasy" altogether, for in this imperfect age the vicarious is insistent. Audiences have long been conditioned by the ideals of *nouveau-riche* producers who "give the public what it wants," more easily when what the public wants coincides with what they want the public to want. But in a time such as this, when uncertainty and dread are each man's portion, an audience will respond to more than Rin Tin Tin, will desire an explanation of its own state. Films like *Bad Girl*, *Seed*, *Emma*, *Young America*, *Bad Sister*, *Are These Our Children?* containing approximately normal types, indicate, incipiently and despite their fraudulences, the tendency essential to the movie. But does the producer recognise the tendency as one toward drastic reality? A Hollywood director wished to make a picture of a typical American family caught in the "depression," but the young producer said: "We'll give the public horror instead." Now, it is true, in a period of economic anguish, there are two mental, social tendencies: toward realism, toward the fantastic. Germany's cinematic "golden age," coming upon the War and the Inflation, was a duality: the German middleman looking upon his plight pathetically, the German simplistic mind indulging in abberations. The control, however, insisted on the second tendency and the German *kino* disintegrated into innocuous *lichtspiel*. Had the control favoured the tendency toward reality, the German film would have remained integrated much longer. The unreal cannot sustain over long periods.

But our producers are thinking of expediences only; long periods, despite all this talk of "plans," does not adhere, it seems, to capitalist production any more. Get what you can while you can get it, even though you enhance the evil in so doing. Universal produces *Dracula* and *Frankenstein*—"scarers" that forsake the very core of their horrors, the plague-analogy of the vampire-theme, man's creation turning on man. The movie of *delirium tremens*—or near been! First novelty and then publicity build-up pack in the crowds, who have been led to expect horror and therefore find horror—up to a point. An "independent" produces *White Zombie* at perhaps a tenth or a twentieth the cost of *Frankenstein* and it is just as good, even better. United Artists takes it up, builds it up, the crowd is inveigled, but do I not hear as much laughter as cries of



Eric Waschneck's film, "Eight Girls in a Boat," the first Fanal-Terra Film.

"Huit filles dans un bateau," par Erick Waschneck, est le premier film Fanal-Terra.

Erich Waschnecks Film "Acht Mädchen in einem Boot," Der erste Fanal-Terra Film.

horror? Is there really a fool born every minute, and how long can the movie wait till he grows up, or shall it get him while he is still wrong? The big companies are choking to death. They are afraid. Five-star Grand Hotels are not heroisms but steam-whistling in the dark. The so-called independents, "indies," working on little, not obsessed with stars and salaries (actors can be got cheap) have the opportunity to make good films and market them. And what do they do? The same old stuff; they take none of the risks of independence. Every one is scared!

At last the movie, being a topical medium too, must recognise the "depression" as subject-matter. The audience is lured to see a film pretending to tell the truth and they are shown another picture on the glib studio formula, *American Madness*. With a grand flourish this film opened at the Mayfair. There were spotlights on the theatre but not a flashlight on the truth. Bank runs are caused by a \$50,000 robbery augmented, in public rumours, to 50 times the amount. Loans to banks and factors—they will dissipate the crisis; is this film the work of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation? Faith in character, and the love of woman—these would

have saved the Bank in the United States, if only people wouldn't gossip. The theme song of this film of redemption, cancellation of evils, might be the popular "You call it madness, but I call it love." The movie has the coupon-mind. It is shivering on a perforated fringe! Total collapse will be stayed with these runs of deluding films, and then the downward pace will be intensified. The graph may fluctuate upward now and then but the path is generally downward—until there is the courage of facing reality and elucidating it in the movies. But can that be expected from the Hollywood camp as it is constituted today?

H. A. POTAMKIN.



"Disappearing World," an ethnographical picture from Moravia and Slovakia, made collectively under the guidance of Professor Ulehla. Distributed by A.-B.-Film Co. Ltd., Prague.

"Un monde qui disparaît," document ethnographique sur la Moravie et la Slovaquie réalisé collectivement sous la direction du professeur Ulehla. Distribué par A.B. Film Co. Ltd., Prague.

"Eine verschwindende Welt," ein ethnographischer Film aus Mähren und der Slovakei, der von einem Kollektiv unter der Führung von Professor Ulehla hergestellt wurde. Verleih durch A.-B.-Film Co. Ltd., Prag.



"Disappearing World," an ethnographical picture from Moravia and Slovakia, made collectively under the guidance of Professor Ulehla. Distributed by A.-B.-Film Co. Ltd., Prague.

"Un monde qui disparaît," document ethnographique sur la Moravie et la Slovaquie, réalisé collectivement sous la direction du professeur Ulehla. Distribué par A.B. Film Co. Ltd., Prague.

"Eine verschwindende Welt," ein ethnographischer Film aus Mähren und der Slovakei, der von einem Kollektiv unter der Führung von Professor Ulehla hergestellt wurde. Verleih durch A.-B.-Film Co. Ltd., Prag.

"DISAPPEARING WORLD"

Disappearing World is the first Czech talking picture which assumes the title of a collective film work. It was made under the direction and supervision of professor Dr. Ulehla who is known even abroad as the creator of the scientific picture *Growth of Plants*. His new picture shows the disappearing culture on the boundaries of Moravia and Slovakia in

all its typical aspects and expressions, thus becoming a sociological document of the people's fundamental standard in Czechoslovakia. Professor Ulehla has chosen this border because the life of the people, preserved there almost undecayed, is very rich in the most deeply rooted expressions of inherent culture. This piece of land represents, in the character of its people and in its economical, social and moral level, the ideal average of the Czechoslovak countryside.

Professor Ulehla has inset in this sociological study a plot which derives from its environment the arrival of a cultivated woman—a doctor of philosophy—from Prague, her task to study folk songs, her relationship to a peasant boy and the impossibility of continuance of this relationship, since the merging of town culture with the retreating culture of the peasant people is not feasible. This personal episode is set in the frame of the collective life of the village and its typical expressions: the great ecclesiastical ceremonies during Easter holidays, peasant fairs, a wedding, dance music, a funeral, and chiefly, the everyday life of rustic work.

Although *Disappearing World* was made under the guidance and direction of professor Ulehla, the whole film was the result of the work of many collaborators: there were special experts in peasant customs, dialect, costumes, types, music, dances, etc. The film has twenty prominent parts and the cast includes almost exclusively students and peasant people appearing for the first time before the camera. Music for the dances is played by two typical village bands.

Disappearing World was produced as an expensive full-length picture and will be released in three versions: two of them (one sound and the other silent), will be 2,700 metres in length, while the third version, cut as a documentary film of 1,200 metres, will be given to the President of the Republic, to the Czechoslovak Academy of Arts and Sciences and to the Ministry of Schools and National Progress.

In *Disappearing World* are preserved unique camera explorations of a disappearing peoples' environment and life, to remain as a cultural and sociological document for future generations.

KAREL SANTAR.



THE FILM COSTUMIER'S PROBLEMS

EDITOR'S FOREWORD

Mr. Max Pretzfelder has designed costumes for all the films of Pabst, and was kind enough to write the following brief explanation of his methods after I had spoken with him about his work for *Don Quixote*. I had already known Pretzfelder for some years and had recognised in him mastery of his craft, but this was rather a special occasion, as almost my first impression visiting the *Don Quixote* sets was admiration and surprise, even delight, that the costumes were so perfect and so harmoniously blended in the spirit of what I had feared might prove to be a dubious and rather futile period extravaganza, but which, in fact, to my astonished eyes, presented itself as something wholly other, apparently imbued with the spirit and texture of Cervantes' grand romance, in which the eternal truths so easily could be bungled, or, by subtle use of inference, made pointed and adroit.



Therefore I spoke with Mr. Pretzfelder about it all, and succeeded in obtaining the accompanying sketches. These are "first sketches"—broad designs, blocked in with an eye to mass and form. Afterwards each part of each costume is taken detail by detail and sketched apart—a sleeve, a bodice, a coiffure, the very design of trimming or embroidery. I need not explain his method, for that is done already in his own words. I need only state that here, where there was full scope for a designer—a scope, in fact, which many designers would have abused by allowing a decorative sense to obscure validity—Pretzfelder was able to prove himself a discerning, one might say an historical-minded observer with a social and sociological sense concerned with reality. The result—and what an important one it is—was that nowhere could be traced any sign of "actors dressed-up"; none of the plagiarised *haute-couture* of the usual "period-piece," (*Romance*,

The Sign of the Cross, The Congress Dances, etc.). These clothes looked worn and, what is more important, *wearable*. Against the tendency to indulge in *spectacle* and romantic exaggerations, Pretzfelder had examined the character and function of his subject and had recreated in his mind the atmosphere of a seventeenth century Spanish village where people dressed on the whole simply, if copiously and somewhat unhealthily, but not as for a charade or the Christmas prank of a dramatic society. Hence there pervaded a sense of the *living* quality, of people about their daily life—this was no “glance backward,” there was no suggestion of carnival or pageant. Refuse in the streets and dirty petticoats. Grubby people in grubby rags or grubby finery. Taking into account conditions of life, these people were *rationally clad*. Surviving trends traced back, linking present and past, until discrepancy or improbability seemed to disappear. The characters were there and their clothes were there afterwards.

Undoubtedly Pretzfelder was helped in his ideas by having lived in various parts of Spain for a number of years. But his real genius lies in his scope—his knowledge of the requirements of film content and film mechanics.





When an audience, fatigued by the day's work, settles down in the cinema for the evening, it pays attention almost exclusively to the action, the sense and the attractiveness of the leading players. The main factors—the director's art, the architecture, the lighting, the style and variety of the costumes, do not enter into its consciousness, as, indeed, they should not, for if they are too apparent they are wrong.

The director's art is partly to collect a staff of reliable co-workers able to bring requisite atmosphere to the film.

It is extremely important to combine architecture, lighting and costumes harmoniously. For instance, if the architect builds up a dark wall, the costume has to be correspondingly light. Then it has to be remembered, the person will not remain in front of that wall, but mix among other people, move through rooms of changing light and colour. Consequently the necessity arises for an extremely *strong outline*, which, viewed from all sides,





must enhance the person's character and enable the cameraman to make interesting compositions.

To fill in that outline with strong masses and shades in such a way that the figure remains a close unit in every movement, and yet full of life, is—besides characterisation—the most important task of the film-costumier.

MAX PRETZFELDER.

THE EXPERIMENTAL FILM AND ITS LIMITATIONS.

Among the few experimental films that have been shown in London since the introduction of sound, Dziga Vertov's *Enthusiasm*, although presented by the Film Society a comparatively long time ago, is, together with Joris Ivens' *Radio*, also one of the most recent, on account of the scarceness of this type of film in this country.

Experimental films have always met with much comment from the press, and are generally either highly overrated or else very much slighted, and Dziga Vertov's *Enthusiasm* proved no exception to the rule.

Vertov, as a director, is, of course, no new star in the experimental film firmament, and ever since propounding his theories in the Soviet paper *Lef*, about ten years ago, he has haunted the intelligensia all over Europe. As a matter of fact, he has become a disease.

Vertov is little known as a director of straight pictures, though he made one for the Ukrainian State Cinema to commemorate the tenth anniversary of the October revolution. He is better known to us as the leader of the much discussed "ciné-eye" movement and the director of that extremely doubtful "Man with the Camera" which, as an experiment, was highly overrated, though interesting for the handling of the camera by Vertov's brother, Kauffmann.

Now it is extremely difficult to fathom the true value of an experimental film of the Vertov type, or as for that, of any experimental film, the result of which is that the press either hallows it as the work of a genius, or, on the other hand, discards it as a worthless effort. Practically from the days of MM. Auguste and Louis Lumière, the motion picture has had its experimentalists, and what is more, has needed them, for had not some artistically advanced-thinking men taken the film in hand, we should to-day still be hampered by the stage technique of the earlier period, and for this reason alone the experimentalists have already fully justified their existence. We can only be thankful to that comparatively small band of film adventurers who pursue their often thankless calling with such determination, and a word of praise for them would not be out of place here. Such distinguished names as Hans Richter, the German, ace of experimentalists; Joris Ivens, the Dutchman who made *De Brug* (*The Bridge*), *Regen* (*Rain*) and later, of course, *Radio* for Philips Lamps, Eindhoven and the French experimentalists, Man Ray, Henri Chomette and Dmitri Kirsanov leap at once to our mind.

It stands to reason that we can only improve upon present cinematography by constant experimenting, and doubtless these men have left their mark on film technique. Remember how thankful we have to be to Lef Kuleshov, father of the Soviet cinema. Before he commenced his experiments we had little or no adequate knowledge of either rhythmic cutting

or cross-cutting, as later so masterfully employed by his pupils Eisenstein and Pudovkin.

To my mind, however, some of the experimentalists at times unintentionally go too far in their quest for experience, thereby treading on ground outside the cinema. In this connection I am specially referring to the works of Louis Bunuel, *The Golden Age* and *Le Chien Andalou*, two surrealist extravaganzas, specialising in cows on beds and donkeys in the grand piano.

Although I do not object to the expression of dreams and thoughts in this particular manner (contrary to the Paris audience, which bombarded the screen on the first night with ink pots) I can see but limited scope for such experiments and am inclined to consider them contrary to the development of the true cinema. For me the jump from the cubism of Wiene's *Caligari* to the surrealism of Bunuel's *Golden Age* is too great, and, though I can admire the smooth continuity of the Bunuel films, I think that in pursuing these ideas, he is digressing from the medium proper to the cinema.

However, I would refer those interested in Bunuel's experiments to the interesting surrealist number of *This Quarter*, edited and published by Edward W. Titus, 14, Rue Delambre, Paris, in which he, Man Ray and Marcel Duchamps, the director of *Abstract* enunciate their theories.

The value of experimentalists has always been a debatable subject in the history of moving pictures, and though I greatly admire their work and am perfectly well aware that from their ranks have sprung some outstanding directors, I feel we should not place them on a pedestal on which they do not belong.

It was the Soviet who sent us the abstract film *Enthusiasm*, a fact that made true criticism all the more difficult, seeing that the Soviet film is not understood by the masses, but only by a handful of the élite—or would-be élite. It was shown at the Film Society some considerable time ago and Dziga Vertov personally attended the English première.

To me and others, who have spent the greater part of our lives on the Continent and are consequently used to seeing our films at the proper time and in the proper surroundings, these private exhibitions are never lacking in humour. One may find there Lady Oxford and Asquith with her director son, Anthony, or Mr. Aldous Huxley sitting next to Mr. Hannen Swaffer, and on many occasions the thought has occurred to me how much better the author of *Brave New World*, if he so desired, would be fitted to criticise the intellectual film than "The Man who never speaks without Authority." Further, one may encounter there a gathering of young men in pale green shirts, and hatless young ladies wearing sandals, all of them authorities on any Soviet film—at least so one would imagine from hearing them talk about the three-dimensional movie, to say nothing of their expert knowledge of Leon Moussinac's *Le Cinéma Soviétique*. The rest of the

audience is made up of a sprinkling of society with the inevitable writers of the gossip columns.

Such is a typical Film Society audience, and from such a rare gathering Dziga Vertov and his *Enthusiasm* awaited their verdict.

Let us be truthful and make it quite clear from the outset that, although at times highly complicated and technically interesting, this picture set no new standard in film production. It was a disappointment to those who had hoped that the addition of sound effects would prove to be the missing link in Vertov's visual patterns.

Lack of space prevents me from discussing this picture at length, but it is interesting, for a moment, to consider the criticisms of some well-known people in the Cinema World.

Mr. Asquith made the brief comment that *Enthusiasm* had neither shape nor rhythm, but admitted that it contained some lovely shots which, however, were not used properly. This, as a criticism, is, of course, rather vague, for it is a well-known fact that there is hardly a film, however common-place, that does not contain some lovely shots, which are also not used properly.

Dziga Vertov's own views were almost as involved as his film, and he voiced his opinion on the following lines:—

“ENTHUSIASM IS, FIRST AND FOREMOST, THE FIRST FORWARD STEP OF THE CAMERA-EYE FROM THE OPTIC-CAPTURE OF THE VISIBLE WORLD, TO THE OPTIC-TONAL-CAPTURE OF THE VISIBLE AND AUDIBLE WORLD. IT IS THE ICE-BREAKER-IN-CHIEF FOR THE SOUND-NEWS-FILM.”

I do not wish to comment on his explanation, but at the time it struck me that, though quite impressive in sound and print, his words contained nothing tangible in reality, and therefore, to my mind, unpleasantly resembled some of the commercial clap-trap voiced by a mediocre press-agent.

Far more to the point was the film critic of *The Times*, who spoke of “brilliantly successful propaganda” I understand the word propaganda has been highly misused in England with regard to the Soviet film, but it strikes me, that in the case of *Enthusiasm* the word was correctly applied. Like several Soviet films of late the propaganda motive of *Enthusiasm* was stressed too much and consequently the film suffered artistically. Surely Alexander Room's *Bed and Sofa* should have proved sufficiently the futility of propagating an idea which runs contrary to the natural narrative of the film, and I, for one, am disappointed to see that “Sojuskino” has not taken the necessary steps to prevent a similar occurrence.

I do not doubt that *Enthusiasm* is a sincere film, but a picture needs more than sincerity to be claimed a good film. Besides, from no standpoint did the film offer us anything new, either in the way of construction

of shots or in camera positions, while the scenario, as a whole, was unbalanced. It was a film that depicted the love for work, a highly dubious element in Soviet film production, and it suffered from the "machine complex."

Much has been written about this complex, but it seems that almost all modern creative artists, whether painters, poets or writers, are afflicted with it, and naturally the cinema has not been able to escape therefrom. Every director, from Fritz Lang to Joe Sternberg, has, at some time in his career, had an attack of the machine complex and given us shots of incessantly turning wheels; but all that could be shown about machines had already been done in Eugène Deslav's *Marche des Machines*.

And if modern directors do not impress us with well-greased, well-oiled pistons, they lure us with shots of fretted frameworks of half-formed ships against the skyline, carrying the swarming figures of men like ants; or pictures of giant cranes, swaying out prodigious arms from which hang huge linked chains, making, of course, full use of sound co-ordination—the air ringing with the chink of a thousand hammers, the endless sound of the rivetter's beat and the ring of the platelayer's sledge.

Enthusiasm was in no way different. Crude and vital it was, raw as the turned up soil on which they were building a new Ukraine. It reminded one, for a moment, of the Soviet literature of to-day, the books of Fjodor Gladkow, *Cement* and *New Earth*, books of strife and hard work. But are they true, these books, these films? Many, like me, will have experienced the feeling, from time to time, that the true purpose of these books and films is not merely to show us the Soviet labourer's love for his work, but actually to stimulate the enthusiasm of the somewhat lazy population in a certain part of the vast Soviet Union. Doubtless a bold idea, springing up in a decadent Western mind; but is it so altogether incredible? Not in the case of *Enthusiasm*. It was indeed "brilliantly successful propaganda!"

However, some day we may get a closer insight into Soviet conditions, for two leading experimentalists of Western Europe, the one German, the other Dutch, are at present at work in the U.S.S.R. They are Hans Richter, director of *Rhythmus* and *Vormittagspuk*, and my fellow countryman Joris Ivens. I understand the latter has just completed a talking picture for the "Union of Young Peoples' Societies," in celebration of the fifteenth anniversary of the Soviet Union, dealing with the socialist enterprise in the coal and grain area and in the machinery and metal industry. The film is shot, for the greater part, in the steel centre of Magnitogorsk and the Kussbass Mines in Siberia, and the musical score has been, or will be, written by the German proletariat composer Eisner, who was responsible for the illustration of *Kühle Wampe*.

Maybe either Richter or Ivens will give us a less biased impression of the activities on the Soviet front.

After all, we can afford to wait.

JOHN C. MOORE.

AMERICAN TENDENCIES

Through three years of economic storm the American cinema has carried on in characteristic fashion. That it has been hard hit goes without saying. Theatres dark and deserted, and Hollywood mansions on the auction block, offer but partial evidence of the wrack. But through it all Hollywood has held true to its hero complex. Not once has it proclaimed its woes nor uttered so much as a whine. On the contrary, with immedicable *sang-froid*, it has kept at work, "singin' in the rain," snapping its remnant-jewelled fingers at the lightning, and altogether coming out strong under adversity.

It is yet too early to foresee the ultimate effect upon the cinema of the changed and still changing world. Nevertheless, certain tendencies are already discernible. And in these, despite the confusing eddies and cross currents of present conditions, is revealed a general drift indicative of a new and better cinematic era.

Foremost among these tendencies, is better pictures, coupled with decreasing cost. This latter element is particularly significant. Pressed by the implacable exactions of the prevailing situation, to say nothing of the ultimatums from their Eastern financial creditors, the Hollywood rajahs have awakened to an all-too-tardy realisation of their witless and riotous extravagance.

Years ago the small, independent producers, huddled together in ramshackle studios on Gower Street and collectively derided as "Poverty Row," could have given lessons to their superiors in economic sagacity. Now, perforce, the simplified observances of these cinema pariahs are being adopted in principle by high-caste Hollywood. System is replacing jumble and anarchy. Co-operation is reducing reckless and improvident rivalry. Costs in all directions—salaries, stories, sets, *matériel*, administration—are being hauled down to within at least hailing distance of the earth.

Naturally, no such drastic innovation has been accomplishable without a rough and painful treading upon the sacred toes of the cinema Brahmins. To be obliged to keep the production budget of his *Sign of the Cross* within a meagre three-quarters of a million, was to Cecil de Mille but little short of blasphemy. But the day of unrestrained lavishness is over. The making of such a film at all this time was only by special dispensation.

In this scrimped and exceptionally-permitted *Sign of the Cross*, we have an illuminated and illuminating sign of the times. It marks the passing of the money-devouring spectacle film. Hereafter, declare the soul-hardened, devoutless bankers, the top-notch cost of any picture shall not exceed three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Dovetailing opportunely with this enforced economy is the altered mood of the public. A sobered world, recovering from its orgy of indulgence and stimulated appetites, is turning to plain and simple fare. And thus the

immediate-present tendency of films is toward the frugal genre picture. *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, *State Fair*, and *Little Woman* are among those already exemplifying this salutary trend.

Good old hokum, tried and true, is slipping back upon the screen without apology or equivocation. Splash, swagger, smartness, pretension, bizarrerie are on the wane—fading out—and, moreover, fading out of Hollywood itself. Hollywood to-day is more nearly in tune with the normal honesties of life than it has been since the days when Jesse Lasky and Sam Goldwyn (*né* Goldfish) made pictures in a barn and ate their lunches from paper bags.

Film-making is once more a sober, earnest, actual bread-winning business. What this portends is for the moment wrapped in the clouds that still obscure the world's horizon. However, it cannot for the nonce be regarded as other than a further encouraging tendency in the direction of reform and improvement. For it must be borne in mind that Hollywood, starting again from the breadline, has now behind it a vast experience, to serve both as a guide and corrective.

That its pictures are already showing signs of betterment is attested, not alone by the drift toward simpler, more appealing and more wholesome stories, but, also, from the technical and artistic viewpoints, by a clearer and more intelligent perception of the appropriate relationship between dialogue and action. With the passing of the novelty of speech, and taking example from their European cousins, American films are returning to the original and distinctive character of motion pictures. The technique and restrictions of the stage, which threatened for a time to mongrelize the screen, are being gradually discarded in recognition of their alienage, and in corresponding if belated appreciation of the phonic cinema's definitely unique position and individuality.

All in all, as revealed by its tendencies, the present hour holds pleasing promise. If it be fulfilled, it will not be the first time in human experience that stress and disaster have served as an ultimate good.

CLIFFORD HOWARD.

DETECTIVE WORK IN THE GIK

BY S. M. EISENSTEIN

Just as we were going to press, a bulky envelope arrived from Eisenstein, containing manuscript and a letter promising more to follow.

We decided immediately that by way of a sort of Christmas salute to our readers, we would, at all costs, print at least part of the meaty manuscript in our hands. Simple enough to decide, but the fact was we were rather beset, rather beside ourselves, wondering what would be the best thing to do. It seemed irregular to include in the last number of a volume part of an article which, in the volume following would read "Continued." On the other hand, there are times for niceties and times when it is foolish not to enjoy things simply as they come. For this would make the *grande bonne-bouche* to what we consider an excellent number. But the article, in toto, was much too long. However, translation revealed a suitable stopping place. And although next year with its new volume will, in strict truth, contain "Part Two" of this article, at the same time each is complete enough in itself to be considered separately. But we feel bound to make this announcement in deference to Mr. Eisenstein as well as to readers who will want to know the work as a complete whole. We felt, in addition, that it would make people happy to have this foretaste of what lies ahead. Thus *brindling* with good-nature, we offer it with bows!

K. M.

Detective work is as old as humanity. It is infinitely varied, both in its aims and in its methods.

Herodotus and Virgil and the authors of the ancient Hebrew apocryphal books have preserved for us some early examples of methods both of concealing stolen goods and of discovering their hiding place.

In many respects they show a striking similarity to present-day methods—not, perhaps, to the prosaic methods of Scotland Yard and other delightful institutions, but at any rate to the more romantic methods described in the pages of contemporary detective classics.

The detective is as old as the world.

The Egyptian Rhampsinitus sung by Herodotus and, somewhat later, by Heinrich Heine, had been robbed.

The royal treasure had been stolen and there was nothing whatever to show how the crime had been committed.

All the cunning of the Egyptian sages was of no avail. The artful king hit upon a plan worthy of Vidocq or of Joseph Fouché. Rhampsinitus put his ravishing daughter in a brothel and had the fact trumpeted throughout the city. Obviously he calculated that the bandit who had stolen the royal treasure was sure to be also a voluptuary.

And here was a chance of enjoying the King's daughter herself.

The bandit did indeed rise to the bait, and the princess had been instructed to extort from all her clients on the night in question, in the moment of their passion, a confession of their most ingenious exploit.

And the bandit did actually betray his secret.

The plan adopted by Rhampsinitus proved effectual.

Not entirely, however: when, after the confession, the princess seized the thief by the arm—like any professional policeman—the arm was left in her hands. The wary thief had made his escape, and the arm proved to be not his but one that he had cut off some gallows victim beforehand and brought into the brothel hidden beneath his cloak.

In Heine's version of the story, the thief is subsequently invited to the palace by public proclamation, pardoned, married to the princess and made heir to the throne. And finally:—

"This thief ruled as other thieves rule.

"He protected talents and commerce.

"History has it that during his reign

"Thefts were of rarest occurrence."

"Fantomas" escaped in just the same way, leaving in the hands of the stupefied police a cloak with a pair of rubber arms and shoulders.

The cunning Cacus, as Vergilius Maro writes in the 8th book of the *Aeneid*, stole, under Hercules' nose, an ox out of the herd entrusted to him, in a manner reminiscent of Maurice Leblanc and Conan Doyle.

He dragged the ox by the tail backwards into his cave, and, when Hercules came to look for it, proudly pointed to the traces of the hoofs proceeding . . . from the cave to the flock.

In more recent days, Sherlock Holmes and Arsène Lupin devise criminal methods reminiscent of those employed by Cacus in ancient times: in one case we find the criminal wearing his boots back to front (Leblanc); in another—a cavalcade of horses shod with cows' hoofs (Conan Doyle).

Finally, a deafening volley of cross-examination resounds for the first time from the pages of the Jewish apocrypha—in the well-known story of *Susanna and the Elders*. The Elders, who have been repulsed by the virtuous Susanna, slanderously accuse her of amorous intercourse with a certain young man beneath a certain tree. The slandered wife of the virtuous Joakim is sentenced to death. But the Lord sends to the aid of Susanna a certain wise Daniel. This forerunner of Le Coq makes the Elders indicate separately under which particular tree the adultery was committed. One points to a mastick tree, the other to a holm tree. With the result that the Elders are sentenced to death and virtue triumphs.

The necessity for detective work is as old as the universe.

Various and inscrutable are its ways, forms and methods.

Apart from very general premises, each particular detective problem confronts us with the necessity of finding the methodological key to the specific case.

Not long ago the writer was faced with the necessity for detective work—within the walls of "GIK" (State Institute of Cinematography).

It was a matter of detecting youthful talents in the domain of future creative film production. In plain words, it was in connexion with the entrance examinations for the Faculty of Film Production of the State Institute of Cinematography.

At that time there were no precedents for the systematic discovery of natural talents in the domain of creative film production; nor was there any methodology applicable to this task. Neither within the precincts of GIK, nor yet in the West or in America, where State Institutes of Cinematography do not even exist.

We had to open up entirely new ground.

Here are a few fragments from the complex of methods by which we tried to discover whether the candidates—who, apart from this, had to be conscious and active builders of socialism—possessed those qualities which seemed to us absolutely indispensable for the profession of regisseur. These natural gifts and qualities were tested in a special way. It was not a case of the purely technical, specific talent of some person, of high social merit, for the work of a film regisseur in preference to some other profession no less useful to society.

The manager of a factory kitchen builds up socialism just as much as the film regisseur.

But the specific nature of the talent is very different, though the work of a regisseur may occasionally be in the nature not of creation but . . . of cookery.

We decided that the first thing that had to be tested was the power of the future regisseur to feel the emotional and dramatic significance of events.

And to be able to convey this significance no less movingly and dramatically, so that the Examining Committee and, later on, the company of actors, should be kindled to enthusiasm and picture vividly what the regisseur is suggesting to them by word of mouth.

In this connexion I can think of no scene in the whole course of recent history more arresting, more moving and more consummately dramatic than the opening of the German Reichstag by Klara Zetkin.

One would have to be devoid of all talent for film production in order not to be thrilled by this scene, in which the grey-haired fighter for communism delivers a passionate denunciation of the tribune from which she herself is speaking.

One would have to be blind and deaf to be anything but entranced with the impotent fury and rancour of the representatives of reaction, who constitute an overwhelming majority in the hall of the Reichstag and who are ready to tear the revolutionary orator limb from limb and are unable even to relieve their feelings by hissing, since, in view of the political crisis, they are under the tactical necessity of preserving peace and order.

Meanwhile, thirteen individuals were floored by this task.

* * *

The power to create and visualize the living countenance of a living person, in a palpably living screen form, is a no less important faculty in a regisseur.

To be able, on the strength of a casual indication, to picture a person to one's self and give a detailed account of his personality, tastes and environment—that is what we expect of a regisseur.

And here Nikolai Vasilevich Gogol comes to our aid.

If one is working at comedy, it is impossible to avoid Gogol.

When I was working at comedy, I could not get away from Gogol, and, when I was rummaging among the material, I chanced upon the following extract from the reminiscences of Obolensky:—

“ . . . Towards morning we stopped at a station to have some tea. . . . At the station I found a Complaints Book, and in it I read a rather ridiculous complaint by some gentleman. When Gogol had heard it, he asked me:

“ ‘ And what sort of a individual do you imagine he was? What were his qualities and character?’

“ ‘ I'm sure I don't know,’ I answered.

“ ‘ Well then, I'll tell you.’ And thereupon he embarked upon a most amusing and original description of the outward appearance of this gentleman, followed by an account of his official career and of certain episodes in his life. I remember that I laughed as if I were crazy, but he kept an absolutely serious face the whole time. After that he told me how, when he was living with N. M. Yazykov, the poet, they used to amuse themselves in the evenings, when they went to bed, by describing various characters and then inventing for each character a suitable surname. ‘ The results were very comic,’ Gogol observed, and then he described to me one character on whom he quite unexpectedly bestowed a surname which it would be indecent to mention in print—‘ and he was a Greek by birth ’—Gogol concluded his story.” (*Old-Time Russia*, 1873.)

In the arsenal of weapons for our examination was included the Complaints Book. We availed ourselves of Anton Chekhov's short story entitled *The Complaints Book*.

Deacon Dukhov; the clerk, Samoluchshev, whose wife has been insulted; Ivanov the seventh, who, though he is the seventh, is a fool; the telegraph operator, dismissed for drunkenness; the anonymous writer, who has watched the gendarme's wife flirting with some man and writes sarcastically—“ Don't grieve, gendarme ”. . . In all their variety, these individuals begin to stride through the hall of GIK, where the examinations are conducted.

We get to know a number of incredible things about their appearance, baggage, family circumstances, purposes of the journey, boots and head-gear.

But we get to know much more about the peculiarities in the workings of the minds of those to whom we propound indecorous questions about these figures of long ago.

We also apply the converse method.

On the wall hangs a poster on which are depicted a numbers of workers,

young and old, cheerful and morose. The candidate is asked to guess the professions, personalities and family and social circumstances of the unknown individuals depicted.

And to give them a christian name, patronymic and surname.

None the less, however disconcerted the examinee might be by this demand, only rarely did we get such hopelessly commonplace answers as "Oh, Ivan," "Oh, Stepanov," "Oh, Petrov." After the first moment of embarrassment, the young miner or collective farm worker produced . . . such a pithy name, with such a brilliantly authentic ring that long afterwards, when one looked at the poster, it really seemed as if one were looking at acquaintances.

The most terrible problem for a future regisseur is to contrive a variation of hackneyed details.

This is not all. Our tests probe still more deeply.

In the course of them we manage to gauge the capacity of the examinee in another respect, infinitely important for our purpose—above all since the advent of the sound film: namely, in the determination of sight-sound correspondences, of the graphic or movie equivalent to a fragment of music or the phonetic structure of a word.

For this purpose we use the piano.

Some interesting examples are also supplied by pictures.

For instance: "The Major's Wooing," by the artist, Fedotov.

The bride, with her long train, has turned away, her attitude expressing something like "Oh, no . . . no . . . no . . ."

"What is the bride's name?"

A girl candidate answers: "Adelaida."

You look at the picture. Mentally you reproduce the rhythm of the figure turning away in a sound "ra—ra—ra—ra—"

Brilliant—Adelaida has caught the rhythm of the movement perfectly.

Now for a more detailed analysis—as far as the material permits.

You proceed craftily.

You consider the question whether the name Adelaida is appropriate to the mercantile class milieu which appears to be represented in this picture. You propose that the bride should be given a name more suggestive of the mercantile class.

The girl proposes "Lipochka."

The name has lost its splendid furbelows, the characteristic turn and gesture.

"Adelaida" had appealed to the girl by reason of its melody, by reason of the sound "l."

The "l" has been preserved in the name Lipochka, in spite of the difference of rhythm.

That is to say, the melodic quality of the name was consciously calculated, while the accurate rhythmic symbol was arrived at by intuition.

"Perpetuya" is not only more in harmony with the figure in respect of its timbres, but also in its overtones it approximates more closely to the movement than "Adelaida," though, in their general rhythmic scheme, they are identical.

The girl did not think of "Perpetuya."

The assertion that rhythm is the prerogative of the man and melody more characteristic of the woman is unfounded and premature. But plenty of indications to support it are apparent in the experience with this particular girl.

Let us pass on to the next.

* * *

Keeness of direct vision, the power to discover, by "visual formulation," the particular detail which defines the fact—this is another indispensable qualification for the profession of regisseur.

For the purpose of testing this quality, recourse is had to the writing of two or three comparative montage sheets for some scene—as a general plan.

These montage sheets are made from the point of view of the various actors taking part in the given scene.

A montage sheet is not simply a collection of stage directions. A montage sheet is, above all, a treatise, and its logic determines the choice of details and the modification of plans.

Take "The Strelitz Execution," by the artist, Surikov.

Here are two contrasting montage sheets: One—from the point of view of "Intourist" (the Russian travel agency for foreign tourists)—of a foreigner standing to the right and gazing at the exotic barbarism before him. The other—from the point of view of one of the soldiers of the Strelitz troop, paralysed with horror, convulsively clutching in his hands a candle, his gaze riveted to the points of the pikes, to the gallows or to the eyes of Peter the Great.

Much might be said for and against the aesthetically independent value of the examples put forward.

It should not be forgotten that, in the given case, they figure as "human documents" and least of all as examples of the painter's art.

* * *

Sometimes, in the course of these examinations, quite unexpected ways and modes of thought were also revealed.

Curious, for instance, is the mode of thought which is in contradiction with what has been said about immediate perception of the essentially striking features of the visible fact.

Some "theoretical" conclusion from a logical consideration of the fact, instead of intuitive vision of the fact.

Take "A Moscow Street in the 17th Century," by the artist, Ryabushkin.

The people wading along through puddles and mire, all trace of pavements washed away, ikons on posts, and so on, and so on.

"Make us a montage sheet in 15 numbers designed to show the state of Moscow streets in the 17th century. In contrast to this make a similar montage sheet showing the state of a contemporary Soviet worker's village."

The girl brings a list:

"There are no side-walks."

"There are no windows looking on to the street."

"There is no regulation of the traffic."

"There are no green plantations."

"There is no . . . no . . . no——"

Smiling to herself, the girl concludes: "—— no militia man on duty."

The point is not, girl, that you jest about the absence of a militia man, but that you envisage the scene in a form inappropriate to the film.

You proceed from negative logic and not from the perception of actual details.

* * *

There are many other traps and snares in the path of the applicant for admission to GIK. . .

Three or four separate individuals placed side by side ought always, for a genuine regisseur, to constitute a mixture of sulphur and nitre ready to explode in a dramatic situation on application of the match of his creative imagination.

And he must always see that the dramatic explosion of the subject is distributed into the flesh and blood of these various individuals, with their several independent ways of life.

* * *

Just by the exit door are—four chairs.

Before them are four pairs of goloshes.

Those in front of the first chair are placed wide apart with the toes turned out.

In front of the second, the left and right foot have changed places.

In front of the third chair languishes one solitary golosh deprived of its fellow.

And in front of the last chair the goloshes are placed with the toes turning inwards.

"Create for us four types of living people waiting in the reception-room of the Institute, based on these four different positions of the feet."

Sometimes the examinee passes from one chair to the next and conjures up a brilliant gallery of types.

Sometimes he or she is floored . . . by the missing golosh before the third chair.

Better that this should happen at the examination for GIK than at the examination, before the Pan-Federal Soviet auditorium, of a badly constructed film representing useless expenditure of Soviet money.

These are a few examples representing only a very small proportion of the questions asked and the information elicited at our entrance examinations.

They do not cover anything like all the methods of examination which we employed.

Still less does what has been set forth lay claim to embody a complete methodology of the system of examination.

But it seems to us that the experience we have gained may serve as a starting-point from which to evolve a systematic methodology for the expert selection of a regisseur, which we shall, I hope, succeed in amplifying and rounding off in the methodological sector of the GIK chair of film production before the entrance examinations of next autumn.

No one will help us in this. It is no use counting on any one's co-operation.

We must do it ourselves.

COMMENT AND REVIEW

The International Review of Educational Cinematography for September contains the following articles: Emile Reynaud (A forgotten pioneer of the cinema), by P. R. Wescher; Rationalization in connection with education teaching, domestic economy and administration, by P. de Vuyst; The difficulties encountered in reading a film, by F. Juer Marbach; The international problem of cinematography, by E. Horn; History of Visual Education (End); The Czechoslovakian, Dutch and Chinese Committees; Film censorship in Guatemala and in the Panamas, and other interesting material.

FILM LITERATURE IN BELGIUM

The Federation of Belgian Ciné-Clubs, grouping the "Club de l'Ecran," in Brussels, the "Filmclub" in Gand, the "Antwerpsche Kinemaclub" and the "Ciné-Club" in Liège, recently published the first number of *Camera*. Editorship of this independent revue is in the hands of M. M. Emiel Langui and Gaston Derycke, under the administration of M. Roger du Bosch, of 10, Guinardstraat, Gand. P. G. van Hecke, Leon

Moussinac, Jean Painlevé, J. Lods, G. Altman, Illya Ehrenbourg, Jean Vigo, Kaufmann, Claude Aveline, Henri Storck, Germaine Dulac, Denis Marion, W. Rombauts, Auriol, Aron, and many others, will serve *Camera* with commentaries, critiques, studies, articles, etc. Formidable names, which assure a suggestive documentation to readers of the new organ, which makes its debut with excellent articles on *Oscar Fischinger et le son synthétique*, (L. Lichtveld); *Les rêves à l'écran*, (Emiel Langui); *Tendances du Cinéma*, (G. Derycke); *L'Acteur de Cinéma* (E. van den Wijngaert); *Le chemin de la vie*, (Pierre Hugue). An *exposé* of the activities of the clubs of the F.I.C.C.B. and the resolutions of the first Congress of this association, together with several "echos," complete the material.

The editors of *Camera* want their revue to be alive and combative, and are avowed "not to practise the cult of stars and sex-appeal" and "mean to demolish without pity all mushiness." This is specific, aggressive, inexorable! But, setting aside the part played by all high-sounding words, there remains the act that such a programme, so expressed, is well worthy of the attention of those who want definitely impartial information, or, rather, the ardent opinions of the intelligent defenders of cinema.

Long life, then, to *Camera*, whose aims could not but merit all our sympathy, and, particularly, may it keep intact its fine bellicose fervour in the service of resolute plain-speaking!

The same wishes go to the new weekly *Sésame* (8, Rue d'Acolay, Brussels)—no less determined to defend the right of taste and culture in all cinematic material. In a first editorial, M. M. A. Mirowitsch and Marc Carghese, state that *Sésame* will in no sense be "a replica of ill-disguised publicity revues, nor a vulgarly commercial publication seeking the ear of the great public with systematic flattery of its basest and shabbiest curiosity." Independent criticism, careful commentary of world production, discussions on the aesthetic and technical evolution of the screen, publication of scenarios and photographic documents, controversies, correspondence, essays—this is what *Sésame* offers its readers. And a start is made with *Attention à la Musique*, in which J. G. Auriol deplures the unctuous songs and stop-gap accompaniments which too often make a mess of films, and insists, on the other hand, on the necessity of composing musical themes to intensify the atmosphere. Pierre Bourgeoise, going rather further, seems in *Le Salut par le Réel* convinced of one thing, which is that the future of sound films is in the hands of men of good faith and industrious patience, who, disdaining the meagre formulas already acquired, will go in quest of new sound expressions. One can only subscribe to this opinion. *Les films qui passent*, analyses some current productions, and does not seem inclined to make excessive concessions.

Sésame is modest in aspect, and its creators seem to deplore this a little. May they retain, however, humility in this respect, for honesty, nine times out of ten, reveals itself in this way!

It is with undisguised pleasure announcement is made of this thrust

of literary zeal on behalf of authentic cinema, and may all those who are able, in great or small measure, give proof of their perseverance in action, and resist all attempts at corruption—disguised and alluring as they may be—and the true friends of the good film in Belgium will be privileged people.

FREDDY CHEVALLEY.

SAGAN'S NEW FILM

It was not to be expected that Sagan, working in England, would repeat the achievement of *Mädchen In Uniform*. For one thing, her material forbade it. One suspects also that she was not given a free hand—one knows that the filming was attended by what are politely called "difficulties," and it would seem that the "toning down" of the hero and the featuring of young married bliss almost exactly reverses the director's own feelings in the matter.

This romance is the hardest part of the film to accept. I do not know Oxford, but I found it hard to believe that young men just going down seriously proposed to young women; that young women in evening dress strolled about from one set of rooms to another, and that young men in cloisters asked them to kiss them. It did not seem what one associated with college rooms, college walls, courts and staircases. Surely, I said, the university was not so like a film as this? As far as I can remember the attitude of most people to their university was that here, for a brief three years, they were; it was the first time they had been free from restrictions in their lives, and they knew it would be the last. One was able to read, play, eat, dress, think what one liked when one liked it; it was very absorbing and one was romantic enough about it—but I don't think that a sufficient proportion of undergraduates to be representative thought of tying themselves up with a wife. But the young man in *Men Of To-Morrow* is not representative; he is high-strung and sensitive. He prefers music from the success of his college at rowing. At Oxford, I know, this is an attitude liable to cause reprisals. They happen in this case; the hero's rooms are wrecked and he is "debugged." His pride wounded, in a fit of what is no more than pique, he writes a diatribe against Oxford, for which he is sent down. In the film, this seems rather trivial. A personal attack is not sufficient grounds for vituperating a whole university; by attempting to make it such, the film seems to be dealing more with public-schoolboys than young men of twenty. It is here that Sagan's hand seems to have been forced. Her "hearties" are not hearty enough and her hero is toned down, as anyone will know who has a knowledge of Oxford's aesthetes of the period of *Young Apollo*. Had she been allowed to make him more what he was, the public at large would have better understood his hatred of the hearties

and theirs of him. The incident would also have been worked up more; it is not sufficiently dynamic in the film to make all that follows plausible.

But despite disadvantages, the film has distinction. There are moments when the quality of the young man is allowed to come out, and it is the first time anyone has dared to get away from the usual English idea of an English hero. The sequence showing him seeking work as a journalist is excellent. There is also feeling for the bricks, the trees, the quiet and the cloistered space of a university, and the dialogue aids in expressing what it is, in the minds of those associated with it, that a university stands for. All this was waiting to be done and has been done. The film's failure is simply that the story it surrounds is stereotyped. The actors on reflection were not particularly happily chosen, and for some strange reason Sagan went in for kiss-clutches of the most Hollywood kind. The cutting, especially of dialogue, was refreshing. It is worth remarking that as *Men Of To-Morrow* followed *Horse Feathers* at the Plaza, the ushers were able to wear their gowns and squares for a further week.

R. H.

THE SECRETS OF SIMBABWE AND TERE

By DR. NICHOLAS KAUFMANN

The immense stone buildings of Simbabwe and Tere which are thousands of years old, are something absolutely unique in these parts of Africa that are inhabited by negroes who only dwell in huts of straw and clay. These ruins were explored for the first time by Leo Frobenius who believes that the courtyards of the buildings were used for religious worship while their labyrinth-like passages and rooms had served as tombs for princes and other prominent men. The exterior walls are over 30 feet high and so strongly joined together by carefully hewn stones without any binding substance, that they were able to last for thousands of years. Obviously, the instruments and objects of art that were found there are in a cultural connection with the famous prehistoric drawings scratched into rocks, which Frobenius has discovered everywhere in Africa on his various expeditions. By means of these pictures of animals, human beings and scenic actions which, by the way, are greatly expressive and of positive artistic value, he has constructed this connection between those ancient tribes of primeval periods and the African culture of today.

The Ufa Biological Department has composed a film out of the highly interesting motion picture shots taken by Frobenius on his big expedition in 1928-30. This educational entitled *Fortresses in the African Bush* has been synchronised with an accompanying lecture and a fascinating musical score, the latter having been written by Hans Trinius, who was in the position to use the original records of negro-music registered by the Frobenius expedition.

By showing the pictures scratched in rocks and the ruins detected by Frobenius as well as the never before filmed doings and dealings, the every day life, the festivities and dances of the negro tribe of the Barotses in Rhodesia, the film visualises the connection between the prehistoric Africans and the present natives of the Black Continent. According to the opinion of Frobenius, the tribe of Barotse is living in a state of culture that is about equal to some of the primeval builders of Simbabwe and Tere.

NEWS FROM PORTUGAL

Companhia Portuguesa de Filmes Sonoror Tobis Klang Film is the name of a new Portuguese society for the production of sound films. This society, which is connected with the great German society, Tobis, intends to build a studio in Lisbon and to begin working in a short time.

The artistic director of this Company, called for short "Tobis Portuguesa" is Leitão de Barros, the well known Portuguese "metteur-en-scène."

An engineer from the Tobis Company has arrived at Lisbon to study the future studio plans.

Campinor, a new silent Portuguese picture directed and performed by A. Luis Lopes, was shown in Lisbon at the beginning of September.

It is a film without any artistic value but with some nice out-door scenes. Nearly all the performers went wrong except the little boy Rafael Lopes, who acted wonderfully and achieved a big success.

A group of Germans from "Ufa," directed by Curt Gerron, was in Lisbon filming important scenes for the picture *Stupefians*. The actors, Jean Murat, Peter Worre, Hans Albers, Monique Rolland, and the great cameraman, Carl Hoffmann, were in Lisbon for a week working incessantly under the capable direction of Gerron.

Other scenes of the picture were taken in Hamburg, Paris and Vigo. Those filmed in Lisbon are—they said—the most important of the story.

Atlantide by Pabst, was shown at Oporto the 18th June for the inauguration of the new cinema: "S. João-Cine" which was formerly the Lyric Theatre of this town.

ALVES COSTA.

NOTES ON FILM SOCIETIES

Those Film Societies devoted to the exhibition of unusual films in the provinces are giving their members next season a chance to see foreign talkies. For instance, the programme of the Glasgow Film Society for the coming season includes such pictures as *Il Est Charmant*, *Mädchen in Uniform*, and *Der Hauptmann Von Keopenick*.

living models about on wires in order to get their Natural Poses.) Second, the efficient books with obvious inside knowledge: *Hollywood Nymph*, by John Weaver (Cassell. 7/6.) an excellent sample. It might not be wise to take one's psychic temperature too often during a perusal of such a book. But Mr. Weaver's story has movement—the history of a little “push-over” who became a star of Hollywood. Plenty of happy cracks at the big men of the Industry. Flora (our left hand) doesn't always like Fauna (our right hand) to know what it types. Flora, however, says such books are to be read. Third to catalogue, the books about films with some haunting quality beyond the background; these have mostly been translations. Heinrich Edward Jacob's *Blood and Celluloid* (Martin Secker. 7/6.) has an odd flavour despite its faults, serves as sample.

There have been novels written by people in the film world who are old friends. Connery Chappell (Hugh Castle of *Close Up*) starts off fine with *Swinging Apple* (Jarrolds. 7/6.): L'Estrange Fawcett (author of *Films: Facts and Forecasts*) produced the oddly old-fashioned *Interrupted Melody*.

There were the novels not actually about films but with film technique. Perfect specimen: *Storm*, by Peter Neagoe (New Review Publications. 90 cents.). And what is the cinematographic style in fiction? Is it merely the short alternation of quick scenes? Or is it something deeper than imitation of one phase of technique? Roots of cinema: magnification and isolation. Words and actions hung and framed on the screen almost as illustrated mottoes on the wall (“God Bless Our Home”). *Montage* was a full stop like any other product of genius: with repetition what was novel and stimulating turns to standardised trick. Magnification and isolation remain true magic. And the stories in *Storm* have this direct and luminous method of presentation: i.e., are cinematographic fiction. The title story shows best. “The willow-scented air rushed into John's lungs. He clenched his fists and struck them together. He could have moved a wall with his shoulder. Could fell a bull with his fist. He swung out and struck a mighty blow full in the night's face. He whirled about striking the fierce blow. Then he walked on, crushing the road under foot. Then he ran and jumped.”

There have been the scenario-books. Salvador Dali, part author of the two famous films made with Bunuel, gave *Babaouo* (Editions des Cahiers Libres). This film begins with a groom rushing down the corridor of an hotel. He stops outside a door and asks for M. Babaouo in a loud voice. The door swells with laughter. Opens. Out falls a headless woman. The groom pays no attention but continues to demand M. Babaouo. So the film rushes on with blindfolded cyclists making geometry at cross roads, etcetera. This is a typical sentence: “Sur le soulier qui ne touche pas au sol, sont posés deux oeufs sur le plat (sans le plat) qui, à un arrêt brusque, glissent à terre.”

From France, too, came a book which has to be mentioned in any survey

of the year: *Essai de Critique Indirecte*, by Jean Cocteau (Grasset. 15 francs.). It is always a pleasure to wander in Cocteau's world where the moon is the sun of statues. Cocteau has the magic thread on which to hang his paragraphs. He quotes a story from *The Times*, how a flash of lightning stripped a man naked and printed a photo of his sweetheart on his chest. Cocteau adds Cocteau: a man was struck by lightning, afterwards he could see through walls. The supernatural to-day, the natural to-morrow! It is a book important for everyone, while the cinéaste finds technical interest in several paragraphs relating to Cocteau's film.

There have been the books of photos. Germaine Krull has been added to the N.R.F. series of modern artists (obtainable through Zwemmer at 1/6). We found most exciting of all *Haute Montagne*, by Pierre Dalloz and Paul Hartmann (obtainable through Zwemmer at 7/6): just pictures of mountains but we felt it that way!

OSWELL BLAKESTON.

Scrutiny of Cinema, by William Hunter (Wishart and Co. 5/-).

Mr. Hunter fears for the further approximation to reality that colour, stereoscopy and the magnascope will bring about: he fears social danger when the public replaces more of ordinary life with second-hand experience of such gross kind (movie scenes must be "Put Across"). And the quarrel that Mr. Hunter has with the established film critics is that they praise good and bad with an astonishing lack of discrimination.

"To read the average 'advanced' criticism one would conclude, never having seen a film, that it had the centuries of tradition and experience, and had produced figures of the same magnitude and world significance, that painting, poetry, and music have."

In the first half of his short book, Mr. Hunter, feeling that the silent cinema is now dead, analyses it to show that most of the fuss was about nothing. His *Scrutiny of the Cinema*, he says, is not the departmental criticism which distorts out of all proportion the place which the cinema holds in contemporary art and life, but a truer and more general relation of the cinema's place among the other arts.

We entirely agree with Mr. Hunter about the absurdities of departmental criticism. Elsewhere, it has been pointed out that it is true that a film can be compared with a film only in so far as a novel can be compared with a novel. Logical conclusion brings that a novel can only be compared with other novels by the same writer: hence, *The Good Companions* becomes neither better nor worse than *Several Occasions*—merely different!

THROW EVERYTHING OUT OF THE WINDOW, IT MAY INJURE MEN WORKING ON THE LINE!

Mr. Hunter picks out a number of "classic" films and sets himself to prove that it was for their technical qualities (scientific) rather than for other (creative) qualities that they ever caused a stir in the world. And

that isn't so difficult seeing that the *General Line* is selected where the *Romance Sentimentale* might have been chosen as well as a whole section to prove that film documents aren't art but—documents!

City Lights, in the opinion of Mr. Hunter, is a better film than any of the Eisenstein-production specimens because the spectator is unconscious of the technique. It depends, in reality, on how visually minded the spectator is and how much the critic understands the game of thinking in pictures. Mr. Hunter is always looking for the embrace of poetic thought flow: hence he is painfully conscious of *TECHNIQUE* when he goes to see a film patterned on the mental flow occasioned by the reading of an educational history text-book in a class room. Certain Russian propaganda films (the *General Line* especially) were lessons with the technique of lessons: approached from the class room view-point their image flow is natural and undisturbing. It is helpless arguing that the *General Line* has not the qualities which Mr. Hunter could have found in *Romance Sentimentale*.

Of the *General Line* Mr. Hunter writes, "There is nowhere any authentic record of Eisenstein's personal experience or suffering or of his attitude to life. The maturity of the film is a technical maturity: there is no evidence of full personal maturity." One layer of thought: this is true because the *General Line* is a class room film. (By the way, Mr. Hunter even seems to get lost on this layer of thought, for Mr. Hunter analyses the suspense of the separator scene merely as "Will the cream thicken?" he forgets to comprehend the phallic basis of the sequence.) Second layer of thought: with Eisenstein there is the picture on the screen, to teach or to charm, and there is a second picture for the sole entertainment of those who need it. The second picture is evoked in the brain of the sensitive spectator who rimes visuals with visuals, prolongs experience to magic, turns sounds to spells: overtones of the second film bring a wealth of personal experience, suffering and beyond-any-attitude stage to life.

It is Mr. Hunter who is always accusing the modern critic of confusing the means with the end: it is to be doubted whether he has glimpsed what the end of cinema means!

Yet, *Scrutiny of Cinema* has a delightful format being bound in the most attractive of covers. Illustrations are excellently chosen and include the censored scene from *Kameradschaft*. Mr. Hunter is sound on many aspects and says a number of wise things. Ultimately, a book to acquire because it will promote a lot of thought.

O. B.

A History of the Movies, by Benjamin B. Hampton (Noel Douglas. 21/-).

Not all books on the cinema have their day, their hour, their minute; in fact the larger proportion, whizz-bangs! As the Bloomsbury fishmonger improvised, while he placed out the kippers, "Ho! ho! the little brown army!" But Mr. Hampton's book has an important 456 pages and 191 illustrations and should endure on the cinéaste's shelf. Four years the

author spent writing his history and finished with a manuscript of approximately 300,000 words. The present volume was reduced from the amazing original with the help of an editor friend.

Seldom does the reviewer quote publisher's puff; it is too like the author on his own work—"I enjoyed my book immensely, I could not put it down until I had read it from cover to cover." "My book gave me a fresh outlook on life," etcetera. Nevertheless, the publisher of Mr. Hampton's history has so justly caught the book's merits that here are two borrowed sentences:—"His work teems with facts, figures and personalities from the earliest days of the flickering monstrosities to the super-spectacles of modern Hollywood. He plots the growth of the movie, explains the changes that have come over the industry itself, the internal wars and dissensions, down to the "sound" revolution and the indications of future development in the field of television."

Calmly, analytically, the author presents that thrilling story—growth of American movies. Who can wonder that no other invention created such interest as the cinema—process of mechanically bottling water from the Sea of Dreams; for, what other entertainment is for all people alike, all who dream? A famous director told us that the only possible rival, in general interest, to the movies in Hollywood is the cemetery! Possibly Mr. Hampton's cool, impersonal style, which avoids underlining drama, serves, in the end, to make the whole epic of the film industry more dramatic. For, how can anyone call history dull when it covers such facts, unelaborated as they are in the telling: that the first exhibitor to overcome public prejudice of suspect darkness of the first cinemas did so by cutting a peephole in the wall of his theatre, that Broncho Bill was the first horse-opera artiste to employ a double for his stunts, that one gentleman hired roughs to smash the projection machines of those managers who would not book his features, that Selznick got by the gateman at Universal by pretending he wanted to sell some real gems for an absurdly low figure?

There is no theory in Mr. Hampton's book, no talk of the relative value of montage and fluid light, no whisper of those "Social Urgencies." It is exactly for this reason that it is such an admirable book for all film clubs and societies which collect library nucleus. Important history is not spoilt by theories of yesterday which would put the student's experiments back in the past.

However, we feel that the title of Mr. Hampton's book should have been *A History of American Movies*—and it does that job thoroughly. But the chapter on foreign films is rather haughty. We are reminded of the prints which hang in most of the cheap hotels of Spain. Under a flashing scene will be written a poetic caption in Spanish, then a brief but accurate caption in French, and, finally and sternly, the quaint English "Galilee at his Telescope!"

For the illustrations a special plan has been adopted, they are all grouped together at the end of an imposing bundle. Well grandmother

said, "Eat what's too much first!"—evidently the same grandmother who had enough tricks without being instructed how to suck eggs! From the 199 photos we might mention: Blanche Sweet in *Judith of Bethulia* (1913), Alla Nazimova in *War Brides* (1916) and the marvellous publicity photo of Theda Bara with a skeleton stretched in adoration at her feet!

O.B.

Filmland in Ferment, by E. G. Cousins. (Denis Archer. 10/6.)

Mr. Cousins asked a young member of the administrative staff of a film studio how the current production stood in relation to its schedule. "Oh, miles behind!" the young man answered. "But you expect that. The conditions governing film-production make it impossible to work to a schedule, and always will." And Mr. Cousins refuses to accept this statement. He realises that a signalman can doze, that engine-drivers can get drunk, that time-tables can be confused, that electric signals can short circuit, that landslides can occur—and that the Flying Scotsman would never reach Edinburgh if these things were allowed to happen. Mr. Cousins writes, "If lamp-bulbs burst, lamp-bulbs should be perfected; no one would be more indignant than the producer if his drawing-room lamps at home started popping off. There is no excuse whatsoever at this stage, after thirty-five years of continuous cinematography, for the cameraman to run out of film during a take or just before one; he would kick himself hard if he were to run out of petrol on his way home. . . . It is time, and more than time, that film-production shook itself free from the antiquated rogue-and-vagabond cloak which it inherited from the Theatre!"

Splendid, Mr. Cousins, that's spoken with courage! The author, too, is one of those who says, "I tank I will NOT go 'ome now!" He persists to point out how studios are run on lines that would kill a department store in three weeks. Particularly is he justified in pointing out how old fashioned are the floor lights which can only be moved with a herculean struggle. What is needed, what Mr. Cousins points out is needed, is a co-ordinated system of lamps, worked from a single position near the camera.

The efficiency parts of Mr. Cousins' work are more than a book—they are a process! Every studio expert in England should be submitted to it!

Other sections of the book are not so telling for those who have followed advance movie criticism. Most of the author's theories have been discussed in past numbers of *Close Up* (for which the author has not much sympathy!); but it is probably a useful work to bring them before the general public. However, Mr. Cousins is a little optimistic in applying some of Eisenstein's dictates, which were made with special reference to the intellectual cinema, to the story cinema with its emotional complexities. But it is always worth reminding cineastes that the inventors of the talkies were chemists and scientists not showmen; that the showmen can make

the microphone mobile, selective and modulative. Again, no film author can remind the cinema worker too often that the inventor of the Two Minutes' Silence was a genius. When it comes, though, to bringing up the old actors-and-types business one is reminded that a newspaper with a million circulation repeats the same story a million times.

The stills, mostly from British films, are weak. A page of Harry Lachman's sketches for compositions as he desires them to appear on the screen is the most illuminating of the pictorial features.

O. B.

Reforme du Cinema. Ch. Dekeukeleire, W. Rombauts, P. Werrie (Ed. de *La Nouvelle Equipe*), René Henriquez, 41, Rue du Loosum Brussels.

The authors of this brochure deplore the exploitation of the cinema as vulgar merchandise, by people without culture. They make the statement that the film executives have no end in view but to satisfy constantly the two hundred and fifty million spectators who, once weekly, flock to the fifty thousand theatres of the world. A great, transcendental business, certainly, which demands above all a mass-production for popular taste. Art—the personal idea—can find no place in this standardised product.

Those who would succeed attach themselves to the big firms and renounce in so doing their individual qualities. Those already disgusted with studio methods, including the beginners, are met by a thousand difficulties. Money is needed, especially with sound-films, and lack of financial means makes itself sensibly felt in the technical quality. Supposing this care is lacking, a new one arises, for, once the film is made, how are they to place it outside the big combines?

Whether cinema is art or not, as a means of expression it is, unlike the habitual instruments of the artist, not available to all who feel inspired to use it. Hence, to a great extent, the incapacity of renewal, the lamentable stagnation.

These authors are in favour of censorship and say so definitely. But a censorship not of officialdom and policemen; one rather of physicians of the soul, people competent to judge true values.

Generally speaking, the Press fails in its duties; neither guiding nor educating, for the Press too must earn its living. It is the cinema firms which nourish the papers and their representatives, corrupting with wine and banquets. Similarly one sees newspaper directors or administrative councils who do not withhold cinema criticism from the control of publicity agents, irresponsible critics, press secretaries of cinema firms. Thus, certain critics, either from necessity or love of money, do not hesitate to pair criticism and publicity together. The press could, however, do much for the public.

The rôle of the cinema is to translate in a perceptible manner, the drama and joy of our epoch. The deplorable star-system is but a slick speculation of business-men.

The sound film was exploited prematurely, not because its hour had really come, but to palliate the effects of a certain lassitude created by an increasingly tiresome production.

Technique for its own sake, created for itself, playing with material lacking substance, is futile. The cinema should occupy itself with the useful—work with human life, individual and social—construct!

As long as the coiffeur is tired out by his day of beards and hair, and time for meditation is not left by the sane regulation of fatigue and repose, it is vain to hope the public will be capable of appreciating good material, and queue up for other gentlemen and ladies than Chevalier and those of *Un Soir de Rafle*.

When all goes well outside the cinema all will go well inside the cinema, for cinema tends to become the geometric centre of the activities of this decade. The Moral Leagues hurl themselves against the cinema and accuse it of all ills—thus it is the cinema which accuses them!

If it is desired to set this *appareil de civilization* which is the cinema on the path of truth, the spirit of man must be reformed first!

* * * *

Which amounts to saying that reform of the cinema is impossible without a perceptible uplifting of the public level of intelligence. At first reading it sounds just enough. But it would remain to be seen if the spectators of the leisured classes, those untroubled by a day of beards and hair, would furnish proof of a sufficient eclecticism to enable it to be said that additional repose equals meditation and enrichment of the spirit. A sufficiency of examples obliges us, on the contrary, to state that it is not the public harassed by fatigue which judges least reasonably the value of a film.

To say that the cinema is the result of the activity of an epoch is equivalent to refusing it all aesthetic ambition likely to react favourably on this activity in expressing this or that new or personal idea.

To state that talented directors, such as René Clair and Chaplin in establishing a "golden mean," considered by most critics and the greater part of the public as "the summit of cinematic art," are doing harm to public spirit, seems somewhat injudicious. Apart from the fact that this "golden mean" seems to us sufficiently inaccessible to the greater number of film directors, it is rare indeed that a well-advised critic allows himself to speak of a "summit" when he is concerned with work of a certain altitude. It would be permissible, however, for him to say that the work in question dominated the whole, but his affirmation would not in any way aim at establishing an intangible ceiling.

The public, after all, is unlikely to gorge itself without making distinctions in its nourishment. Quite frequently it regrets the evening spent . . . and its money, not always, it is true, when a bad film is in question, but it has no means of direct action concerning the quality of film output. Apathy, lack of enthusiasm. But exactly, state our authors, spiritual reform

is the proven remedy. And to follow to its conclusion this reasoning—modification of the social organisation, reorganisation of the monetary problem. A big programme, indeed, of which the complexity and the time needed to carry it out, leaves us little hope for reform in the near future.

FREDDY CHEVALLEY.

Modern Photography, 1932. Edited by C. G. Holme. London, *The Studio*, Ltd., 44, Leicester Square. In cloth, 10/6. In wrappers, 7/6.

The best of *this* bunch are the press and publicity photographs; not all, but some. I like, for instance, Noel Griggs's soapy hands (for Logan, Ltd.)—skin and suds and vigorous light and fine shadows. Contrast the animation with the Cutex chichi of the hands on the opposite page decapitating mackerel! Grab it, lady, grab it! I except the Price's Candles and De Reszke ladies.

Tokyo has done some damage. *Call of the Spring* (Ssssh! Magnolia blossoms!); *The Tomato* (Just that. Choose which you like best—there are five!); *Orchid* (Negative); *Face III—Thin Paint* (A problem title and a very ordinary phiz!); *Dawn on Mount Fuji*.

Barbara Ker-Seymour's negative negro doesn't come off. Bad placing. A bit more, if not all, of the head is needed. One turns back to *Swing Boats* by Karoly Escher (Budapest) and that other Budapest trifle, *Waltz*—a nicely silly skirmish of skirts. Hoyningen-Huené, with a super-panchro film achieves a perfect Pocket Brownie "beginner's pride"—*Winter Sports*. On the whole a dispiriting packet; nothing outstands.

Personal opinions these—the effect *in toto* is gay. Honourable mention must be accorded to:

Maurice Beck. (Shell-Mex installation)

T. Mitsumura (Sea horse)

Agustin Jimenez (Plastica)

Sherril Schell (New York Reflection)

Photopress, London. (Traffic block)

Daily Sketch (Bouquillon v. Carnera)

A good, in fact a brilliant, thought to give details of how each is taken, with what sort of film or plate and camera, and what exposure. The book will probably sell like hot pies, and on the whole deserves to.

K. M.

The Film Society opened its 8th season at the Tivoli, Strand, on Sunday afternoon, October 30th, when the main picture shown was *Le Rosier de Madame Husson*, a satirical French comedy, directed by Bernard Deschamps, who was present at the performance. The future fate of the film in this country rests in the hands of the censor. Lotte Reiniger's new

sound film, *Harlekin* was included in the programme. The picture has been made with her usual delicacy and charm, and the musical setting has been arranged from old Italian composers by Eric Walter White. Among the short items in this programme were *A Symphony of the Streets*, a Swedish Sound Picture, depicting life in the city of Stockholm and *Lichtertanz*, a new musical abstract picture by Hans Fischinger, the younger brother of Oscar Fischinger. A demonstration of colour photography was also given.

A Federation of British Film Societies was formed as the outcome of conferences which took place in April and September last, and a number of film societies operating throughout the country are members of this Federation, the objects of which are "to collect information for mutual assistance and for the advice of new Film Societies, to organise collective representation to authority of the needs of the Film Societies, and to organise the collective booking of films." Every effort is being made to book films which can be distributed to the Federation and already *Ashes*, a Japanese feature film, directed by Minoru Murata is available as well as Hans Fischinger's musical abstract and a number of other short films. Further particulars of the Federation can be obtained from the Secretary, Miss J. M. Harvey, 56, Manchester Street, W.1.

The Hound and Horn. Vol. VI. No. 1. 545, Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. Annual subscription, two dollars.

The autumn number of the *Hound and Horn* contains much of interest for English readers. There is a long analysis of the art of René Clair, by our New York correspondent, H. A. Potamkin. It is thorough and its discussion of the dream fantasy, that underlies much of French cinema, is an interesting approach to definite film criticism. Where it will be provocative to European readers is in its assertion that Clair influenced Jacques Feyder. Feyder, in *Les Nouveaux Messieurs*, produced one of the dozen finest films made during the silent epoch anywhere. This point of view I have never heard questioned in Europe, either by directors, technicians or the intelligent public. On the other hand, I have heard over and over again, that it was useless to project it for Americans, they found it tiresome or dull. We think Mr. Potamkin over-estimates the seriousness of Clair. It is possible to make innovations in the field of comedy that would not be permitted in serious drama, lest they give a highbrow tinge. But it is possible that because of the clash with the average Hollywood comedy, the films of Clair take on a significance in New York that they would not have, say, in Berlin or London. We hope that Mr. Potamkin will continue his articles in subsequent numbers and that English students will read when possible, serious American criticism, for the effect of a film on different races is a necessary study for any would-be director.

There is also a brilliant story, *The Captive* by Caroline Gordon, which suggests splendid material for a scenario, one of Marianne Moore's most successful poems and a further extract from the diary of a trip to Russia, by E. E. Cummings.

W. B.

To-morrow's Yesterday, by John Gloag. (George Allen and Unwin. 6/-.)

"Blessed are the poor in thought for they shall die rich!" says one of Mr. Gloag's characters.

Unusual *To-Morrow's Yesterday* is a story book about the opening of a modern cinema which the "press" describes as "Not an Aquarium or a Conservatory." The story opens with the advertising campaign, one of arresting understatement, to put over the new cinema. . . . A poetess tells that a famous French hostess writes her name simply as SONG on her list of guests. Advertising men might well call Mr. Gloag TATTY, so bitter and brilliantly destructive is he about the advertising game.

The film which opens the mystery cinema has no stars. Various scenes were included by the makers specially for the censor to delete in order that the unity of the rest may be left as planned. Then, there is a large part of the book devoted to the film itself which is a criticism of war propaganda pictures (for one thing), of society, morality, civilisation, science, progress (for a few others). The book is finished by reviews of the film, comments from the audience, etcetera.

A man says, "The trouble is, in a cinema, you can't have a gallery demonstration. What's the use of shying abuse or orange peel at a screen?" But it's very satisfying to "razz" a bad picture and it happens far more often than West End audiences realise. Only the other day we were in a cinema situated on the Old Kent Road. The American movie got a running fire of comment: "That's not her father, it isn't natural. . . . Oh! he's going to turn her out. Awkward! Gives no basis to hospitality: what's the use of raspberry tarts now?"

But this is very much of an aside as we have no intention of giving the "razz" to Mr. Gloag. Cineastes will want *To-morrow's Yesterday* on the shelf of different books about the screen.

O. B.

CINEMA ieri e oggi. Ettore M. Margadonna, with a preface by Antonello Gerbi. Published by: Editoriale Domus, S. A., Via S. Vittore, 42, Milan. (Price: 90 Lira.)

Italy's first important book on the cinema has the advantage and distinction of being the most up-to-date survey which has yet appeared. Published in November, it takes us as far as *Atlantide*, for example, and other films made as recently; thus avoiding the almost inevitable failing of a volume of this nature and size—that it is interesting and useful and sometimes admirable as a reference or theoretical contribution, but is already dated by the time it appears. It is noteworthy, therefore, that this, which

is a big and intricate book (not only in text content but in cross references, elaborate indexes, bibliography, etc.) must have been written and produced with a definite elastic co-operation between writer and printer. Which is very much "to the good."

Nor is it necessary to understand Italian in order to appreciate and desire *Cinema Yesterday and To-day*. The illustrations, of which there are three hundred and thirty odd, are alone sufficient to make it eminently desirable, and what regret would go to the fact that some excellent reading matter would be wasted, would be amply compensated by a book of "stills" which are not only beautifully printed and more numerous than many books devoted exclusively to illustration, but extremely interesting; including, as they do, some magnificent Russian, and some Italian, *d'ieri e oggi*, to say nothing of English, German, French, American contributions.

The text restricts itself mainly to historical matter, tracing the growth and development of cinema in European countries and America, from the beginning until now. The first part of the book—*Cenni di Stilistica Cinematografica*—which is an excellent essay on film and its potentialities, its position and what is said about it—allocates a specific place to cinema in modern art—*la macchina* as opposed to the plain pencil (*la semplice matita*).

Here is a book which is not only engagingly written, but as orderly as a Roneo filing cabinet! In its divisions and sub-headings, indeed, it is not unlike a filing system, and an excellent one at that!

Ninety lire used to be a pound. Alas for the crisis!

K. M.

A small exhibition of Madame Lotte Reiniger's Puppet Dolls was held privately in London on October 27th.

About fifty people were present to see the puppets, among them Margaret Kennedy, Helen Simpson, Dr. Prince Hopkins, Dr. Money Kyrle, Dr. Richman, Mrs. Alan Harris, and representatives of the Childrens' Book Club, and the Film Society. A performance of *Red Riding Hood* with the puppets evoked great applause, the story being recited while the puppets were manipulated. In addition to the five dolls representing the characters in *Red Riding Hood* a really beautiful set illustrating Graf Pozzi's Kasperle play of *Prince Ruby Red* and *Princess Lily-White* and a smaller set of *Puss in Boots* were on view. The ease with which a miniature stage can be improvised out of a clothes horse and some draperies and a small table and a few cardboard boxes makes the arranging of puppet plays a recreation possible in all circumstances. The Puppets themselves are little masterpieces, each one made by Lotte Reiniger herself, and entirely by hand, and as no two can ever be alike a puppet will be a valuable possession in years to come. A large number of individual puppets and some complete sets were sold at the exhibition. Many of those present hoped it would be possible to arrange another show at which Madame Reiniger could herself appear on her next visit to England.

SPECIAL OFFER

OF

BACK NUMBERS

Owing to restriction of space we are obliged to clear unbound numbers of Close Up previous to 1931. We are unable to bind more sets as several numbers of each year are out of print.

Available

Three issues of 1927.

About seven issues of 1928, covering the early Russian film and the most important developments of the silent German cinema.

A few odd numbers of 1929, with articles on the beginnings of the sound film.

A very few numbers of 1930. The end months of this year are completely out of print. 1930 covers however the most important period of sound film development.

Any three of the above will be sent to any address in England at a cost including postage of half-a-crown, or to any address abroad for three shillings. We have no copies left of March and December 1931, but a very few copies of June and September. These issues are available at six shillings in England for the two, including postage, and six and sixpence abroad.

POOL 26 Litchfield Street,
Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2

THE ACADEMY CINEMA

OXFORD STREET

(Opposite Warings)

Organiser: Miss Elsie Cohen

Gerrard 2981

presents

THE INTERNATIONAL FILM CLASSICS OF THE WORLD

Now Showing. The Great French Drama

DAVID GOLDER

Coming—Nicolai Ekk's "THE ROAD TO LIFE." Karl Dreyer's
"VAMPYR." Fritz Lang's "M" (German version). Lil Dagover
in "BARBARINA." The German drama "ZWEI MENSCHEN."
The French comedy "PARIS-MEDITERRANEE."

Notices of new films will be sent on receipt of name and address

Madame Lotte Reiniger

Very few of the "Kasperle" puppets
made to illustrate German folk and fairy
tales are left. Madame Reiniger would
be prepared to consider making one or
two sets to special design and order.

Enquiries may be sent to her

c/o "Close Up"

26 Litchfield Street

Charing Cross Road

London, W.C.2

"Mr. Cousins is a man of vast practical experience and I am happy to be able to endorse the majority of his views."—

JACK HULBERT

FILMLAND IN FERMENT

"Startling changes are impending,"
says the author—E. G. COUSINS

The author of this book shows us the potentialities and pitfalls, the strength and weaknesses, the humours and tragedies of this vast mysterious business. He goes further, and tells us, as Mr. Pepys would say, "what is to become of it all"—so entertainingly and informally that it is as if a native of Filmland were conducting us on a tour of his territory and helping us to draw our own conclusions therefrom. Startling organic changes, taking place beneath the calm surface of film-production, are revealed and discussed. The book gives a clear, unbiassed and authoritative account of film-production as it has been, is now, and will be. No one inside or outside the industry can fail to profit by its matter or be entertained by its manner.

10/6
net

WITH A PREFACE BY JACK HULBERT

DENIS ARCHER

6 OLD GLOUCESTER STREET
LONDON, W.C.1

BOUND VOLUMES *of* CLOSE UP

(Mainly for new readers).

Film as a significant factor in cultural development, film as art, film as documentation, film as *kitsch*, film in all its range and the untried possibilities of its range—every aspect of film is dealt with in *Close Up*.

Close Up wants better films,
and better films,
and best films.

Nothing less, all or nothing,—and this policy is clearly evident in the complete bound volumes, each a unique record of prophetic and contemporary significances.

What did *Close Up* say in 1927?

And to all who scoffed it remained sufficiently kindly not to say "We told you so!"

You, Wise Reader, will want to possess *Close Up* bound volumes for reference and pleasure. For your guidance, a list of those available :—

Vol. I

Out of print.

Vols. II, III, VII,
VIII.

We have been able to collect odd copies, on sale at 25/-. *A few only.*

Vols. IV, V. VI.

Available at 10/6.

Vol. IX (1932)

Ready December 15th. 15/-

Postage on volumes : Sixpence extra.

POOL 26 LITCHFIELD STREET,
Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2

JUST PUBLISHED

B. B. Hampton. **A HISTORY OF THE MOVIES**
456 pages. 191 illustrations. Price 21/-. Post extra.

E. G. Cousins. **FILMLAND IN FERMENT**
PREFACE BY JACK HULBERT
304 pages. Illustrated. Price 10/6. Post extra.

W. Hunter. **SCRUTINY OF CINEMA**
64 pages. 12 pages illustrated. Price 5/-. Post extra.

MILLER & GILL (1924) LIMITED
94, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C. 2

LIST OF FILM BOOKS GLADLY SUPPLIED.

Christmas means Crowds

but a postcard to

Pool Publications

will send

15/-

6/-

2/6

3/6

Close Up, four issues 15/-

or

Film Problems of Soviet Russia, 6/-

(a record of the silent film in Russia invaluable for Students and almost out of print).

or

The Lighthearted Student, 2/6

(for friends who want to understand the German talkies).

or

by way of a Christmas card, the **December issue of Close Up, 3/6**, with new material from Eisenstein and many illustrations. A record number.

THE NEW REVIEW

Contributions by

Writers of - -

Yesterday—

To-day—

To-morrow

BUT not of the

Day before Yesterday

Nor

The Day after To-morrow

Filmtechnik

Journal for all artistic, technical and economic
questions of film-essentials

Editor: A. Kraszna Krausz, Berlin

7th Year—Every 14 days 1 issue
Price per quarter 5.25 R.M.

Published by Wilhelm Knapp, Halle/S.
Germany. Mühlweg 19

Specimen number free

Film Für Alle

the first monthly publication in Europe devoted
to the problems of purely amateur cinematography

5th Year

Editor : Andor Kraszna-Krausz, Berlin

Publisher : Wilhelm Knapp, Halle/Saale, Mühlweg 19

Subscription 2.25 R.M quarterly
Specimen number free on request

COLOUR IN INTERIOR DECORATION

By John M. Holmes

*Lecturer in Decoration at the Architectural
Association School of Architecture, London*

"Colour decoration in one form or another has been almost essential to human content from time immemorial. Yet the bibliography of the subject is extremely limited. Although in the past acute difficulties were encountered in the printing and production of such books, recent years have seen a glut of beautiful colour-reproductions of all sorts; but questions of colour have received scant attention, apart from the scientific textbooks, until revived interest was achieved by the small edition of the late Barrett Carpenter. The issue of Mr. Holmes's 'Colour in Interior Decoration' is all the more welcome, therefore, and his able expositions of the principles which underlie decorative considerations should prove of constant assistance to the public as well as the student

The book itself is well produced, attractively bound and of excellent format. The illustrations are clearly indicated, and many interesting examples of decorative work are included, each being chosen for a particular purpose which is pointedly expressed by the author. It is an ambitious volume which has achieved its object and which deserves a wide public and, let us hope, many followers." *From a review by W. M. Keesey in the Journal of the Royal Institute of British Architects.*

The illustrations include eight full-page plates of colour diagrams; twelve exemplary colour schemes from the National Collections; nine modern colour schemes for interiors

Price 25/= net. Postage 9d. inland

THE ARCHITECTURAL PRESS, 9, QUEEN ANNE'S GATE
WESTMINSTER, S.W. 1

1' - The London Mercury 1' -

Press exclamations :

" the Miracle of the Mercury."

—BOLTON EVENING NEWS

" a breath-taking event."

—NEWSPAPER WORLD

" best shillingsworth in the world."

—WESTERN INDEPENDENT

" reckless charity."

—PRINTING TRADES JOURNAL

" extraordinary shillingsworth."

NORTHERN WHIG

" an epoch-making event."

—MIDLAND DAILY TELEGRAPH

" what a bobsworth ! "

—GLASGOW EVENING CITIZEN

" otherwise it is unchanged."

—THE TIMES

" Maintains the high standard of the familiar (and dearer) Mercury."

—YORKSHIRE POST

1/- OF ALL BOOKSTALLS, NEWSAGENTS, 15/-
MONTHLY BOOKSELLERS YEARLY
THE LONDON MERCURY 229 STRAND W.C.2

The ADELPHI

MONTHLY EIGHTY PAGES
PRICE REDUCED TO SIXPENCE
NO OTHER CHANGE

The December number will include :

<i>Why I am a Socialist</i>	by	G. D. H. COLE
<i>Léon Chestov</i>	by	B. DE SCHLOEZER
<i>Keyserling's Anti-Socialism</i>	by	MAX PLOWMAN
<i>Under Which Dictatorship?</i>	by	J. MIDDLETON MURRAY
<i>Marx, Aristotle and the Black International</i>	by	F. A. RIDLEY

Poems, Stories, Reviews ***The Adelphi Forum***

In recent numbers :

<i>Letters from Prison</i>	by	ROSA LUXEMBURG
<i>Shakespeare on Money</i>	by	KARL MARX
<i>Bourgeois Labour Parties</i>	by	V. I. LENIN
<i>Dialectical Materialism</i>	by	FRIEDRICH ENGELS
<i>Bernard Shaw</i>	by	EDMUND WILSON
<i>The Body of Lenin</i>	by	WALDO FRANK

Annual Subscription 7s. 6d. post free

THE ADELPHI
58 Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.1.

Contents of Vol. IX

	PAGE
AMERICAN TENDENCIES. Clifford Howard	285
As Is. Kenneth Macpherson	25
AT THE BOUNDARY OF FILM AND THEATRE. Zygmunt Tonecki	31
BLUE LIGHT, THE. Trude Weiss	119
BOOK TEACHES THE WAY TO SEE FILMS, A. A. Kraszna-Krausz	124
BOYS WITHOUT UNIFORM. Karel Santar	231
CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE. Dorothy Richardson	36
DATUM POINT. Dan Birt	46
DETECTIVE WORK IN THE GIK. S. M. Eisenstein	287
DISAPPEARING WORLD. Karel Santar	273
DOG DAYS IN THE MOVIES. H. A. POTAMKIN	268
ELIZABETH BERGNER AGAIN. Trude Weiss	254
ENTHUSIASM? Robert Herring	20
EVENTS OF CZECH FILM. Svatopluk Jezek	237
EXPERIMENTAL FILM AND ITS LIMITATIONS, THE. John C. Moore	281
EXPERIMENT OF CHESTERFIELD, THE. Robert Herring	161
FACTS FOR FINANCE. Oswell Blakeston	29
FILM COSTUMIER'S PROBLEMS, THE. Max Pretzfelder	275
FILM CRITICISM IN JAPAN. Y. Ogino	107
FIRST OPERA-FILM, THE. Trude Weiss	242
FOUR FILMS FROM GERMANY. A. Kraszna-Krausz	39
GERMAN FILM SEASON, 1932-3. A. Kraszna-Krausz	184
HOLLYWOOD IN FACT. Clifford Howard	87
INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHY (BRUSSELS). Trude Weiss	188
JABBERWOCKY. Clifford Howard	55
KITSCH. Dr. Hanns Sachs	200
LIMITS	47
MANIFESTO (BACK TO PRIMITIVES). Blakeston and Macpherson	92
MINING FILM, A. Erno Metzner	3
MUSIC FOR <i>Harlequin</i> , THE. Eric Walter White	164
NIGHT-PROWL IN LA MANCHA, A. Kenneth Macpherson	225
NOTES FROM AMERICA. Herman Weinberg	50
NOTES ON SOME FILMS. Bryher	196
ON THE SETS OF THE FILM <i>Atlantis</i> . Erno Metzner	153
PABST-DOVJENKO, A COMPARISON. John C. Moore	176
PARIS NEWS. Jean Lenauer	262
PAUL GREEN IN HOLLYWOOD. Frank Daugherty	81
PLOTS IN OUR TIME. Oswell Blakeston & Roger Burford	257
PROSPECTIVE PERSPECTIVE. Oswell Blakeston	117
SWORD OF DEATH, THE. Robert Herring	115
TWO FILMS AND ONE STAR. Robert Herring	246
VERTOV AD ABSURDAM. J. Pennethorne-Hughes	174
VIENNA OF THE FILMS. Klara Modern	129
WEST AND EAST OF THE ATLANTIC. Bryher	131
YOUNG WORKERS FILM THEIR OWN LIFE. Klara Modern	53

Contributors to Vol. IX

	PAGE
BIRT, DAN :	
Datum Point	46
BLAKESTON, OSWELL :	
Facts for Finance	29
Manifesto (Back to Primitives)	92
Plots in Our Time	257
Prospective Perspective	117
BRYHER :	
Notes on Some Films	196
West and East of the Atlantic	131
BURFORD, ROGER :	
Plots in Our Time	257
DAUGHERTY, FRANK :	
Paul Green in Hollywood	81
EISENSTEIN, S. M. :	
Detective Work in the <i>GIK</i>	287
HERRING, ROBERT :	
Enthusiasm ?	20
Experiment of Chesterfield, The	161
Sword of Death, The	115
Two Films and One Star	246
HOWARD, CLIFFORD :	
American Tendencies	285
Hollywood in Fact	87
Jabberwocky	55
HUGHES, G. PENNETHORNE :	
Vertov ad Absurdam	174
JEZEK, SVATOPLUK :	
Events of Czech Film	237
KRASZNA-KRAUSZ, A. :	
Book Teaches the way to see Films, A	124
Four Films From Germany	39
LENAUER, JEAN :	
PARIS NEWS	262
MACPHERSON, KENNETH :	
As Is	25
Manifesto (Back to Primitives)	92
Night-Prowl in La Mancha, A	225
METZNER, ERNO :	
Mining Film, A	3
On the Sets of the Film <i>Atlantis</i>	153
MODERN, KLARA :	
Vienna of the Films	129
Young Workers film their own Life	53
MOORE, JOHN C. :	
Experimental Film and its Limitations, The	281
Pabst-Dovjenko, A Comparison	176
OGINO, Y. :	
Film Criticism in Japan	107
POTAMKIN, H. A. :	
Dog Days in the Movies	268
PRETZFELDER, MAX :	
Film-Costumier's Problems, The	275
RICHARDSON, DOROTHY :	
Continuous Performance	36
SACHS, DR. HANNS :	
Kitsch	200
SANTAR, KAREL :	
Boys Without Uniform	231
Disappearing World	273
TONECKI, ZYGMUNT :	
At the Boundary of Film and Theatre	31
WEISS, TRUDE :	
Blue Light, The	119
Elizabeth Bergner Again	254
First Opera-Film, The	242
International Exhibition of Photography (Brussels)	188
WHITE, ERIC WALTER :	
Music for <i>Harlequin</i> , The	164

EE
6
9
2
7
7
6
1
7
1
7
0
1
5
6
5
7
5
4
7
4
9
2
5
2
5
3
3
9
3
1
6
7
8
5
6
0
1
3
1
9
4
2
8
4